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SISTE VIATOR.

WHAT is it that is dead?
Somewhere there is a grave, and something
lies
Cold in the ground, and stirs not for my sighs,
Nor songs that I can make, nor smiles from
me,
Nor tenderest foolish words that I have said;
Something there was has hushed and will
not be.

Did it go yesterday,
Or did it wane away with the old years?
There hath not been farewell, nor watchers'
tears,
Nor hopes, nor vain reprieves, nor strife
with death,
Nor lingering in a meted-out delay;
None closed the eyes, nor felt the latest
breath.

But, be there joyous skies,
It is not in their sunshine; in the night
It is not in the silence, and the light
Of all the silver stars; the flowers asleep
Dream no more of it, nor their morning eyes
Betray the secrets it has bidden them keep.

Birds that go singing now
Forget it and leave sweetness meaningless;
The fitful nightingale, that feigns distress
To sing it all away, flows on by rote;
The seeking lark, in very Heaven I trow,
Shall find no memory to inform her note.

The voices of the shore
Chime not with it for burden; in the wood,
Where it was soul of the vast solitude,
It hath forsook the stillness; dawn and day
And the deep-thoughted dusk know it no
more;

It is no more the freshness of the May.

Joy hath it not for heart;
Nor music for its second subtler tongue,
Sounding what music's self hath never sung;
Nor very Sorrow needs it help her weep.
Vanished from everywhere! what was a part
Of all and everywhere! lost into sleep!

What was it ere it went?
Whence had it birth? What is its name to
call,
That gone unmissed has left a want in all?
Or shall I cry on Youth, in June-time still?
Or cry on Hope, who long since am content?
Or Love, who held him ready at my will?

What is it that is dead?
Breath of a flower? sea-freshness on a wind?
Oh, dearest, what is that that we should find,
If you and I at length could win it back?
What have we lost, and know not it hath fled?
Heart of my heart, could it be love we lack?

Cornhill Magazine. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

A REBUKE.

WHY are you so sad? sing the birds, the little
birds,
All the sky is blue,
We are in our branches, yonder are the herds,
And the sun is on the dew;
Everything is merry, sing the happy little
birds,
Everything but you!

Fire is on the hearthstone, the ship is on the
wave,
Pretty eggs are in the nest,
Yonder sits a mother smiling at a grave,
With a baby at her breast;
And Christ was on the earth, and the sinner
He forgave
Is with Him in His rest.

We shall droop our wings, pipes the thristle
on the tree
When everything is done,
Time unfurleth yours, that you soar eternally
In the regions of the sun,
When our day is over, sings the blackbird in
the lea,
Yours is but begun!

Then why are you so sad? warble all the little
birds,
While the sky is blue,
Brooding over phantoms and vexing about
words
That never can be true,
Everything is merry, trill the happy, happy
birds,
Everything but you!

All the Year Round.

LENT.

BEHOLD our pleading!
Great mercy needing—
Mercy for us!
Hear our petition;
Sad our condition—
Lord pity us!

By sin surrounded;
Debased, confounded;
Where shall we flee?
Full absolution,
From all pollution,
Cometh from Thee.

Saviour, complying,
Help our soul—dying:
Draw us to Thee!
Thy great compassion,
For each transgression,
Our only plea.

If we sue meekly,
Wilt thou not sweetly,
Christ, pardon us?
Then all-forgiven—
Upborne to heaven,
Oh, welcome us.

From The Edinburgh Review.
LEONARDO DA VINCI.*

WHAT history is there of Christian times which presents such endless sources of thought to the philosopher, such glorious visions of art and beauty to the man of taste, such mournful wonderment to the moralist, such insoluble enigmas to all, as the history of Italy towards the end of the fifteenth and during the sixteenth centuries? Seen by the light of subsequent times, there is nothing so astonishing as the glory of her apogee but the completeness of her eclipse—as the pride of her height but the humiliation of her fall—as the splendour of one side of the picture but the darkness of its reverse. The lowness of the level at which she lay—attractive only to friend and foe, to spoiler and admirer, for the trophies of her past—receiving even in our own time the most contemptuous appellation a country can bear, that of “a mere geographical expression”—this was a stern and unmistakable fact which endured for fully three centuries. All inquiry, therefore, resolves itself into the question of the soundness of her immediately previous prosperity; and no one can pursue the lives and careers of any of her grand and gifted children within that epoch without perceiving at every turn the deep hollowness which underlay the lovely land at the very time when its surface was most brilliant. The reasons for such corruption and collapse were doubtless owing mainly to the virtual absence of the vital functions of a nation's health, and to the interruption of such as had supplied their place. For that consciousness of a common country which the word “nation” implies had never been in one sense the

bond of the Italian race; while, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the spirit of local independence which had ensured the prosperity of her small states was rapidly becoming extinguished. Small republics, however internally wise and secure for a period, had never formed a nation; and, as the stronger coveted and obtained dominion over the weaker—as Florence over Pisa—and they in their turn yielded to usurpers from within or without, the conception of a common patriotism, as of a common strength, ceased even on this limited scale to exist. That a sturdy patriotism still survived in a few lofty minds who struggled and suffered in vain—a line never extinct even in her darkest hours—is one of the most touching features of this period of degradation. But the immediate and most mournful sign of the decay of “rich and royal Italy” was the fact that the majority of her children ceased not to be gay and happy even in her bondage. Nothing strikes us more than the enjoyment of life and the activity of art and letters at a time and under conditions which must have filled a loyal and thoughtful heart with the gravest forebodings. For while the soil of Italy can produce, as it has never ceased to do, the noblest and most vigorous specimens of the human plant, her sun has also fostered the most poisonous and ephemeral. Bondage, dependence, and servility are as potent for the development of evil as liberty for that of good. If we can imagine the light of our English freedom suddenly quenched, no result would be sadder to behold than the number and the class of minds who would accommodate themselves to the degrading conditions, and find, as the Italians did, some congenial sunshine to live and flourish, to bask and buzz in. It is indeed but just to the Italian race to confess—what was evident to many even before their present revival, and will not be disputed now—that any other European nation, once fallen so low, would have exhibited greater brutalization of life and manners, though not perhaps the same effeminacy and demoralization.

There were, however, secondary rea-

* 1. *Saggio delle Opere di Leonardo da Vinci, con ventiquattro Tavole fotolitografiche di Scritture e Disegni, tratti del Codice Atlantico.* Milano: 1872. Edizione di 300 Exemplari.

2. *Michel Ange, Léonard de Vinci, Raphael.* Par CHARLES CLEMENT; *avec une Étude sur l'art en Italie, avant le XV^{ème} Siècle.* Paris: 1861.

3. *Leonardo da Vinci and his Works*; consisting of *A Life of Leonardo da Vinci*, by Mrs. CHARLES W. HEATON; *An Essay on his Scientific and Literary Works*, by CHARLES CHRISTOPHER BLACK, M.A.; and *An Account of his most important Paintings.* London: 1874.

sons for the indifference with which, towards the close of the fifteenth century, signs of approaching evil were regarded — and reasons more immediately perceptible and traceable. These lay partially in the nature of the letters then cultivated, as well as in the exclusive interest with which they were pursued. The brilliant epoch of the study of classic authors which ensued on the dispersion of ancient manuscripts in Italy, consequent on the taking of Constantinople by the Turks (1453); the ardour with which the various centres of Italy and her most learned men vied with each other in classic interpretation and research — all this, further promoted by the discovery of the art of printing, and hailed at the time by some thoughtful minds as an antidote to the prevailing ambition, profligacy, and avarice, had its deeply injurious effect on what we should now call the public welfare — the remedy ultimately aggravating the disease. Without the active principle of national and political life such studies were entrancing and benumbing, like the paradise of the lotus-eaters. Men occupied with disputes and discussions, however polite and graceful, on the literature of a dead Past, were readily diverted from the questions of a living Present. Minds absorbed in the restoration of ancient letters, and in the fancied revival of a Platonic philosophy, were least likely to miss the atmosphere of political liberty or of religious consistency. Palaces and gardens were used as places of debate on questions in which we now fail to see any practical utility. *Accademie* were the order of the day, and unproductive pedantries were the consequence of such Academies. A fictitious activity and real license in topics worthless to a State took the place of all higher exercise of freedom, and the literary erudition which raised more than one pontiff to the papal throne has hardly bequeathed a thought beneficial to the human race. "*Beaucoup de beaux ouvrages, et peu de belles actions illustraient l'Italie; et tandis qu'on trouvait chez les érudits tant d'ardeur et de persévérance dans le travail, on trouvait peu de caractère chez les magistrats, peu*

de courage chez les guerriers, peu de patriotisme chez les citoyens."*

There was one great reality, however, surviving all those by which Italy had led the van before every other nation in Europe — a reality never more grand and splendid than at the period we are considering — which has bequeathed monuments of national genius unequalled since, and in virtue of which she remains a lawgiver to the present day. This reality was her art. In this form of national life Italy continued, even to the end of the sixteenth century, to be a great country, and her artists true patriots, for they endowed her with that which must ever excite the emulation and admiration of all really refined peoples. No careers more surely reflect the salient characteristics and social standards of a race than those of the children of art. The painter is himself an *objet de luxe*. He germinates — a divinely-dropt seed — only where the soil has ripened into the requisite richness to bear him. He is a superfluity which thrives only where there is the demand, no matter what its nature — superstition, variety, or taste — for the fruits of his pencil. He flourishes finally in courts and high places only where society has reached that culmination of a real or seeming prosperity, when the great and wealthy of the earth, sated with or secure of other pleasures, stretch forth their hands to grasp those intellectual excitements to which genius alone can minister. The painter, therefore, is, in a certain sense, the sure thermometer of the atmosphere which he breathes; but he lives, or can live, in an atmosphere where higher things are stifled. For his inspiration is not injured by causes which mortally affect the man of moral or patriotic aims. Certain conditions there are which minister to his vocation; and these conditions, viz., a glorious climate, noble types in man and nature, a sensuous worship, and a luxurious society, no country ever possessed in greater perfection than the Italy of the cinquecento.

* Sismondi's *Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, vol. v. p. 290.

From science, in the higher sense, the Italian painter had no rivalry to fear. May it not be accepted as an axiom that the Church which utilizes art as an auxiliary to the extent employed by the papal hierarchy, will never tolerate the sterner sister? Such science as would help to destroy life, or animate an automaton, was readily welcomed, but he who ventured to assert that the earth revolved on her axis, and he who denounced the sale of indulgences, stood in the same condemned category at the court of Rome.

It would, however, be a grave mistake to infer that Italian art in the person of her votaries received the same tribute of real respect and sympathy now paid to artists in our less gifted times—a tribute becoming perhaps both indiscriminate and excessive, paid rather to the intellectual rank with which the great Italian masters have endowed the idea of the painter's vocation than to the real value of the work. Partaking of the condition of a labourer in the service of the Church, the artist of the fifteenth century was, in that capacity, equally controlled and dictated to. High-flown conceptions of the deference paid to the painter, to his sensitive nature and capricious inspiration, are soon overturned if we examine the estimates and contracts between himself and the chapters of churches and superiors of convents, little differing in rigorous matter-of-fact stipulations from those we nowadays conclude with carpenter or mason. Nor was an appeal to taste so much as an item in the bargain, for the gratification of taste was neither the object of the Church nor the requirement of the faithful. Such "opinions of the press," too, as existed at the time were not calculated to enlighten or encourage the man of acutely sensitive calibre. It would be difficult to find writings more dull and pedantic and less cognizant of the real philosophy and true sphere of art than those which were penned in presence of the best glories of the *cinquecento*. No Italian work, indeed, has descended to us of the slightest value to the painter, as distinguished from the mere historical student of art, excepting always "Vasari's Lives," which, however

inaccurate and puerile, have sometimes the value of a genuinely professional criticism.

In all this there was the greater proof of the genius of the artist and of the triumph of art—too healthy in her instincts and certain in her processes to be affected by conditions, however unsympathetic, tyrannical, and even prohibitory they would now be pronounced. Our modern standard, therefore, of the claims of the craft to peculiar exemptions and privileges suffers great change when we track the course of Italian art from its rise to its culmination. First, hailed as a new wonder which the vulgar and marvel-loving ran in crowds to see; then employed and incorporated as a regular handicraft in the service of the Church; next exalted or neglected, competed for or dismissed, petted or insulted, as the whim, vanity, superstition, or intrigue, full or empty exchequer, of pontiff or prince dictated; her own children, meanwhile, partaking of all the complexion of the period—a race glorious and gifted, yet most of them what we now feel to be creatures of childish habits—with the passions of men and the follies of children—fighting and quarrelling, maiming and murdering, destroying their own works from pique, and their neighbours' from jealousy,—art, for all that, is seen to hold on her course unfaltering; never making a false step, never undoing what she had once done; till who shall say what agencies could then have retarded her, and what would since have restored her; whence she comes, and why she goes?

Three great men in Italy stood highest in the ranks of art at the highest time of her seeming greatness; closely connected in experience, widely separated in individual character, each showing in various degrees the extraordinary gifts which, in some form, have never died out from the Italian race—all equally affected by the manners and policy of the age; all "mighty men." These three were Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. To be a great artist was by that time a passport both to employment and to popularity. The world

had then begun to seek them for themselves as well as for their art. Society had reached that intellectual point when genius is not only patronized but lionized. No one of these three great men was bound by convent rules or fettered by partnerships; each stood individual and alone, though drawing numbers round himself. The outline of their characters, therefore, is lost in no common ground; and no thread of history is more trustworthy to follow than the lives and fates of such men. Two of them, Leonardo and Michael Angelo, were before and beyond their age—the one intellectually, the other morally; while Raphael in both respects stood on a par with it. Leonardo and Raphael were men of the world, supple; courtier-like, swimming with the stream; Michael Angelo was stern and upright, and always in conflict with it. Leonardo was the greater genius; Michael Angelo the nobler spirit; Raphael the happier man. Of one so sympathetic and successful as Raphael it is difficult to give a telling outline. Misfortune did not try him, success did not spoil him, length of life did not weary him; accordingly the course of the man and the painter presents that smoothness on which the moralist can lay little hold. Leonardo's gifts were so incredibly numerous and varied as to hinder the development of his career in any one of them; he was also fastidious, procrastinating, and apparently unconscientious; and never was so lofty a fame in art maintained by works so few, so ruined, and so uncertain as those he has left behind him. Michael Angelo was the impersonation of laboriousness and conscientiousness, but his time and his genius were wasted by the authority of ignorance and caprice; and it was only by the perseverance of an honest purpose, the energy of a great mind, and the opportunity of a long life that he accomplished the stupendous monuments that immortalize him. As to Raphael, the number of his creations as compared with the shortness of his career are such as lead us to infer that equal facility and perfection of production were never compatible before or since. Leonardo worked slowly; Michael Angelo furiously; of Raphael's mode of labour we can only be sure that it was a delight to him. In character of art Leonardo and Michael Angelo were both strictly new; Raphael not so new as so perfect. Finally, their portraits are the types of the men. Leonardo, handsome and high-

bred, with an Italian's dignity, but a courtier's mask; Raphael, young, beautiful, and unruffled; Michael Angelo's the mournfullest countenance we can look upon.

We select for brief analysis the earlier and foremost of the three, the man of the "*natura incontentabile*," as termed by his biographer Manzi, "the first name of the fifteenth century," according to Hallam. Hitherto the life of Leonardo da Vinci has inspired the sense of a subject worn threadbare equally from lack of material and from reiteration. What light may be thrown upon the subject by the researches of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle is still uncertain. Meanwhile there is a growing consciousness of the importance of all he thought as well as did, and of the necessity for a more systematic study of his multifarious remains. In the present feeling of the Italian people the vindication of Leonardo's many-sidedness, and (in the sense of the world's age) precocity of intellectual power, stands on the same level with their interest in the approaching publication of Michael Angelo's letters. On occasion of the inauguration of the monument erected to him at Milan, and of the exhibition of works of the Leonardesque school in 1872, the government of Italy published the fine work which heads this article, and of which only three hundred copies were printed. It has been edited by a commission, with Count Belgiogoso at the head, and contains expositions of the great master's varied forms of art, science, and literature, by competent hands; with photographs, the size of the originals, from sketches of various kinds, and especially from his magnificent hydraulic drawings. These are all selected from the enormous volume called the "*Codice Atlantico*"* preserved in the Ambrogian Library. For the present the Italian government have made no demand for the restitution of twelve volumes of Leonardo's MSS. detained by the French, or rather neglected to be claimed by the Austrians, in 1815, and still in the library of the Institut at Paris; but for a thorough investigation of Leonardo's labours these are indispensable; and the time may be anticipated when their reinstatement in the Ambrogian Library will do honour to the more enlightened sentiments of the French government.

* So called from the size of the paper on which the MSS. and drawings are mounted—*carta atlantica*—corresponding with our imperial folio.

An English work also has been recently compiled by Mrs. Heaton, who has collated with much pains all that has hitherto been published on the life and works of the great master; including, it must be owned, anecdotes and conclusions long disproved, and lacking also the discriminating criticism requisite in such an undertaking.

Leonardo da Vinci came into the world close upon the time when Fra Angelico left it. The art that one took up is curious to compare with that the other laid down; yet, in one sense, the younger painter was the natural heir to the elder; for Fra Angelico was the first to develop that quality in art — expression — which Leonardo carried to its utmost perfection. Leonardo was illegitimate and left-handed, but neither proved a bar to his progress, either sinister or otherwise. He was born in 1452, at Vinci, in the Val d'Arno, when his father, Piero da Vinci, was twenty-five years of age; who in the same year married the first of his four wives, not one of whom was the mother of Leonardo, — a certain Caterina, afterwards married to Accattabriga di Piero della Vacca, also of Vinci. Piero da Vinci had no children by his first two wives, but a numerous family — eight sons and three daughters — by his third and fourth wives, the eldest of whom, a daughter, was not born till 1476. When, therefore, Mrs. Heaton, like most of her forerunners on this topic, dwells on the fact of Leonardo's being educated in his father's family on a level point of affection and advantages with the legitimate offspring, she overlooks the chronology she has herself supplied, which shows us that Leonardo was well flown from the parent nest by the time the others began to occupy it, being twenty-seven years of age before his eldest half-brother, Giuliano — born 1479 — appeared on the scene. It is not surprising, therefore, that so long an only child in his father's house, and illegitimacy, as is well known, then no brand, he should have received that nurture and education which his abilities warranted. For the youthful promise of such genius could admit of no mistake. The inquiring mind which stamps the future man of science — the observing eye which heralds proficiency in art — the mathematical and logical head, indispensable for the natural philosopher; in all these — unlike the poetic, dreamy temperament which often lies dormant, and apparently dull, in early years — the boy we may be sure was

father of the man. To his exceptional mental gifts were further added a splendid person, activity and ardour in every manly sport — the varied accomplishments of a dancer, a musician, an improvisatore, and a poet — with a spirit which delighted in mastering the wildest horse, and a strength that could bend the animal's shoe. It may be questioned whether the love of natural science did not predominate in the restless young brain — whether a chemist's laboratory, or an engineer's office, would not nowadays have received him. But the world was then in the infancy of science; it was in the maturity of art. Science was then a suspicious occupation; art, a profitable one; and the art of that time covered a far greater area of intellectual ground than it does now. At all events, the father showed his discrimination by apprenticing the young lad to the distinguished Florentine artist, Andrea Cione, called Verocchio.

It has been usual to depreciate the merit of this master, in order, unnecessarily, to exalt that of his scholar. But the familiar appellation of "*Verocchio*," or the true eye, implies that quality for which Leonardo became most famed, and which it is fair to believe the teacher contributed to form. In other respects, too, Verocchio occupies that stage which led upwards to Leonardo. He was not only sculptor, goldsmith, carver, and painter, but also a student of perspective and a musician. Such pictures as he may have left are merged doubtless in the common character of the school, while his drawings are difficult to distinguish from those of Leonardo himself. In addition to these acquirements his nature was gracious and noble. For no tribute bears less the stamp of the mere flattery of the age, than that paid to him by Giovanni Santi, father of Raphael, in his "*Cronaca*."

Il chiaro fonte

D'umanitate e innata gentilezza,
Che alla pittura, e alla scultura è un ponte
Sopra del qual si passa cum destrezza,
Dico ANDREA DA VEROCCHIO.

A man of this order was not likely to forswear the art of painting because a young pupil promised to excel him. Vasari's story to this effect has also that stamp of puerile gossip which throws a doubt on many of his statements, and distinguishes those which have at present been proved to be untrue. Were it not that the figure of the angel in the "*Bap-*

tism," by Verocchio, reported to be by the hand of the young Leonardo, differs somewhat in technical execution from the rest, its superior attractiveness, considering the damaged state of the whole, would hardly sustain the assertion of a different pencil. It is also now known that Leonardo remained in Verocchio's studio till he was twenty-five years of age, a position quite incompatible with any theory of jealousy on the master's part. In all early accounts of the great painters we must allow for that exaggeration and love of the marvellous which stamped the time. Still the story of the "*Rotella di Fico*," as told by Vasari, is too indicative of the extraordinary lad, besides being the only record of an early work, not to be noted. It runs thus:—A countryman living near Vinci, having sawn a circular slice of wood from a fig-tree, brought it to Leonardo's father, requesting him to persuade his son to paint it for a coat-of-arms. Leonardo took the wood, and forthwith collected in a room set apart for himself a number of flying and creeping creatures—serpents, lizards, hedgehogs, bats, locusts, beetles, dragon-flies, &c., and arranged them so as to form the semblance of a hideous monster. When his father was admitted into the room, which meanwhile reeked with a "*fetor mortal*," he drew back in horror; but whether from believing the apparition true, as Vasari says, or as much from the appeal to another sense as to that of sight, the reader may decide: also whether such a father would "secretly sell" his son's performance, and further for one hundred ducats,* that sum being more than three times as much as Michael Angelo received for his "*Cupid*." However that may be, there is more revealed of the lad's character by this story than would at first appear. For this was not a form of art known then. He had seen nothing of the kind. No illustrations of such orders of creation had ever been attempted by any painter. The illuminated manuscripts before that time were bordered with flowers, intermixed occasionally with a grotesque creature; but these had little affinity with the realities painted on the *rotella*, and were also not likely to have come within the reach of a boy in an obscure village. We therefore perceive here, at the outset of his career, that ardent and instinctive

reference to nature which he afterwards practised and preached, and which in all his scientific researches placed him in advance of an age bigotedly devoted to tradition, always looking backward while he looked forward. The "*Medusa Head*," also in the Uffizi, which, if not by him, is unquestionably from an original by his hand, and presumably of an early date, is another instance of that application of real reptile forms to the purposes of art of which no indication is seen in the art of his predecessors.

Nor is there any proof in the description of this fantastic picture, which has vanished from sight, of the imagination so lavishly imputed to him. To make up a monster by putting together specimens of various tribes of animals, is no more imagination than to group different orders of flowers on one stalk. It would be difficult to define the meaning of that much taken-in-vain word, "imagination," as applied to an art which derives all teaching and materials from outward nature, and permits but scantily of any departure from them; but, at all events, it may be averred that, however directed in arrangement of forms by that feeling for *selection* which marks the true artist, the young lad did not trace an outline or place a tone, strange and weird as each might be, without the most inflexible reference to his uncomfortable menagerie. The devotion to the actual and to the true in that sense, which was the creed of this extraordinary man, is rather antagonistic than favourable to the imaginative faculty. At the same time it is the real clue by which we can better comprehend him. For the distinction between him and other painters, ancient or modern, consists not in any greater possession on his part of those poetic and subjective instincts which delight in the exercise of the imagination, but in his stricter respect for the laws and facts of nature, and his deeper study of them. Here may equally be traced the causes for his superiority, and the causes for his strange shortcomings—for the fragments of pictures, equally as for the pictures never executed at all—the puzzle and disappointment of those who judge what he could have done by what he did do. With a mind in which the positive predominated over the imaginative, the natural result was that he applied the methods of science to the practice of art. He observed, investigated, and analyzed, as if each work he undertook were a new experiment. Governed by this spirit,

* Equivalent in the Florentine money of the time to about 16*l*.

his mode of execution was slow, tentative, and unenjoyable. He lacked the power which generally accompanies the æsthetic order of mind, that of feeling when the idea, however imperfectly, is fulfilled—the feeling, therefore, of knowing where to stop. And he lacked it evidently more and more as he advanced in life. Hence the unfinished pictures, abandoned from the impossibility of satisfying himself; and hence, too, what may be called the over-finished pictures, injured by attempts to come closer to positive effects of nature than can be accomplished by human art. To these M. Clément may be believed to refer when he speaks of an "*exactitude qui approche parfois à la puérilité.*"

To this tendency also must be attributed that vein of caricature—utterly opposed as it is to the instincts of an imaginative and idealizing mind—which, viewing him as a painter only, is disturbing and repugnant in his art-career. He loved, it would seem, not only to dwell on nature's laws, but on her freaks and deformities. He sought apparently to ascertain how far nature could depart from the mean forms of beauty and symmetry, without absolutely obliterating the stamp of humanity. It was his aim, it is said, to define the different kinds of feature and expression possible in man. His caricatures accordingly may all be classified under different types—exaggerated to the utmost—of human character; conceit, apathy, ignorance, stupidity, insolence, and vulgarity. Yet even whilst sounding the most hideous depths of masculine brutality or feminine inanity, in those he calls "*gente poco obbligata alla natura,*" he preserves a precision and delicacy of line which marks them, as may especially be seen in the photographed specimens given in the work published by the Italian government, as the eccentricities of a master-hand. It is not easy therefore to believe in the group of "Three Caricature Heads" * ostensibly from a drawing in the Pitti, which Mrs. Heaton has included among her illustrations of the master's art. These are marked by outlines as coarse as the forms are ill-drawn, reminding one of some bad imitator of Quentyn Matsys' "Misers;" Leonardo, even in his vagaries, was like no one but himself.

* This plate, and one of a female profile, the outline of which has evidently been gone over by an unintelligent hand, are unworthy of introduction in a life of Leonardo. Other plates from well-known Luinis have at all events the excuse of being agreeable.

It was not, as Mrs. Heaton avers, that Leonardo "could never walk in the beaten paths of art, but was ever seeking some byway of his own—some new path in the great wilderness." No great man ever does walk, in one sense, in the beaten paths. But this alone would not account either for his monstrosities or his beauties. The words this lady quotes from his own pen are a better clue to both. "Who ever flatters himself that he can retain in his memory all the effects of nature is deceived, for our memory is not so capacious; therefore *consult nature for everything.*" This is an axiom absolutely true for purposes of science, but only with a certain limit for those of art. And that limit lies between the permanent truths and the accidental appearances of nature. Our authoress is unfortunate in instancing, *à propos* of this sentence, the greatest modern landscape painter as "involved and enigmatical" in his instructions, in contradistinction to Leonardo. No one who knew Turner's small vocabulary, but golden precepts, will endorse that. Still, it is true that Turner, in a particular sense, gave advice of an opposite kind. His precept was, "Be not slavish to mere facts, but fill your eye and memory with a scene, and go home and do it." And on this he acted. Such a system of course presupposes both eye and hand already so formed on the study of nature, and so familiar with her purer language, as to winnow away the chaff of accident and retain only the grain of truth. The tendency of art in this country since Turner is our great painter's best vindication; for, with small exception, the present practice is to put all alike, without selection, into the mill, on the plausible plea that whatever nature gives the painter is bound to take.

It is not for pigmies such as we to say that the mighty master himself erred in that direction, or even to pronounce what his words, literally, mean. Language is ambiguous when applied to the art which addresses itself to the eye. And these words by Leonardo which we have underlined are not without a seeming contradiction from his own pen. For he also advises his pupils to observe what he admits to be "petty in practice, and almost worthy of derision," namely, the stains on old walls, and the veins in jasper stones, as suggesting representations of landscape, confusions of battles, capricious expressions in heads, and "other things without end;" further

illustrating his meaning by instancing "the sound of bells; in which you can hear what you please."* At the same time he blames Sandro Botticelli—who, reasoning inversely, declared that one needed only to throw a sponge filled with various colours against a wall to produce the effect of a landscape—as having produced "*tristissimi paesi*." In this latitude as to what he said, we must hold fast by what he did. And nothing is more patent than that Leonardo did *not* consult nature, nor even old walls, for his backgrounds and landscapes, where dark and dismal caverns with pendant stalactites, and impossible, sublimated mountains—half iceberg, half dolomite—offer features *tristissimi* in proportion as they are unnatural.

On the other hand, with his perfect veracity, where the subject attracted him, we may be sure that that which was Leonardo's alone—viz. the exquisite expression in certain female heads, suggesting "the belief in a perfection greater than this world contains," was no creation of his fancy, but a reality he strictly copied. And this grace—not beyond the reach of art—was not so much snatched by leaving "the beaten path" as by pursuing that of expression to its utmost limit. For it was there he found the flower he alone first plucked, namely, that ineffable smile which is the culminating expansion of a lovely face, and in the representation of which—except by Luini and Correggio,—he has remained unapproachable.† The marvel is that one and the same man should have compassed and taken pleasure in the opposite poles of the beautiful and the hideous, and in his sketches they sometimes occur on the same page. But in Leonardo's extraordinary mind there was common ground, as we have endeavoured to show, for both.

Too little is known of the master's early doings in Florence to give any connected chain of his life. He is believed not to have quitted Verocchio till 1477—then twenty-five years of age—and to have set up a *bottega* for himself. Nor can it positively be pronounced which of his few known, or supposed, works belong to this period. It is a mere matter of conjecture, therefore, whether the unfinished "Adoration of the Kings" in the

Uffizi, the ringleted Madonna at Gattón Park, and the fresco at S. Onofrio, Rome, were executed in this first Florentine time, or years later. In this uncertainty the sweet expression of his female heads we have alluded to, the languid, longing, high-bred smile of his Louvre Virgin on the lap of St. Anna*—the attribute of the Milanese beauties, and therefore not presented to his gaze till he had left Florence—may be taken as a guide. There is an expression too in his children's heads—a solemn, infantine pathos,—surpassing in touching beauty the work of any painter before or since, and the more marvellous because accompanied by an amount of finish in which the subtle essence of such fragrance is apt to escape. Both these expressions become a date, and they are singularly absent from the works we have specified. Nor can these pictures, however interesting to connoisseurs, and especially the unfinished "Adoration" to painters, be said to possess the true Leonardesque charm. The fact also that the S. Onofrio Madonna is his only genuine fresco, bespeaks an early visit to Rome, for nothing is better known than that Leonardo repudiated, to the world's great loss, all operations in genuine fresco later in life. For these reasons such works may be assigned to the period preceding his removal to Milan.

In the absence of all historical records at present brought to light, the later biographers of Leonardo have been left to wonder why Leonardo should have exchanged the superior art-atmosphere of Florence for that of Milan; or rather why, in Mrs. Heaton's words, Lorenzo de' Medici, "quick-sighted as he was for genius, did not seek to attach such a man as this to himself. He surely must have been aware of Leonardo's powers, but for some reason or other he was unheeding of them, and suffered the brightest of the stars around him to wander into another system. It is not difficult to surmise the reasons that may have led to Leonardo's desiring to quit Florence. The strange neglect of the Medici (he does not seem to have had a single commission from any one of them) would tend to show that he was not properly appreciated in his native city. Added to this, there may have been family difficulties, money-mat-

* Trattato, cap. xvi.

† Vasari mentions Leonardo's having modelled laughing female and infantine heads in terracotta and wax while in Verocchio's studio. None, however, have survived to prove the tale true.

* This peculiar and unattractive arrangement of the figures was no invention by Leonardo, but a group traditional in the Roman Church to show the three generations of the "Sacred Family," and is seen in early painted figures in wood, and in other forms.

ters, and what not to induce a desire for change." (P. 9) All this amiable speculation is best answered by a reference to dates, which immediately disposes of the question of the absence of patronage on the part of the earlier Medici—Leonardo being but twelve years of age when Cosmo died. Nor is the "neglect" of him by Lorenzo, whose mind was of a class little likely to appreciate that of Verocchio's youthful scholar, more difficult to account for. Lorenzo's character and life were of that order which, however popular in his own age, is not calculated to stand the colder analysis of our own. He inherited a lustre from old Cosmo which clung to him even while transgressing all the wise policy which had made the Medici name great. He was young, and may have been brave—he played at poetry and philosophy—he possessed all the systematic address of the period, and he gathered round him and salaried—with money belonging to the State—too many men of letters not to be extolled alternately as the Augustus and Mæcenas of modern Italy. Viewed, however, apart from this halo of contemporary flattery, Lorenzo de' Medici appears as the arch representative of the unreality of the time—the chief agent of the decay of the Florentine republic—the patron of the profitless erudition—the founder of the Platonic Academy—the giver and encourager of *fêtes* and follies, and, setting aside more serious misdeeds, the promoter of all the hollow magnificence which disguised his spendthrift government and masked his ambitious designs. Such a man was little likely to take interest, except for passing amusement, in those scientific instincts in the mind of Leonardo, of which it has required centuries to prove and recognize the true value. Then, as to patronizing his art, there is no such proof of Lorenzo's patronage of other painters as to make his omission of Leonardo singular. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Medici of the fifteenth century had any share in the formation of the picture-galleries which now adorn Florence. The idea even of such collections did not exist—far less of their public utility. It is known that the first grand dukes of Tuscany—at the end of the sixteenth century—made the rooms of the Uffizi the storehouse of collections of armour, astrological instruments, and natural history—of antique gems, some sculpture and a few pictures—also that a great diamond was placed in the apart-

ment now called the Tribune; but the chief collection of paintings was derived from the heiress of the Della Rovere family, who married the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. in 1634. To return however, to Lorenzo de' Medici: he shared in the fashion for collecting gems and *intagli*, and also specimens of antique sculpture; but this taste had far less to do with the merits of such objects in the light of art, than with their incidental value as illustrations of the classic subjects then in vogue. At all events, there is no record of his having individually given a commission to a single painter. Sandro Botticelli's fine picture of the Medici family kneeling before the Madonna in the "Adoration of the Kings" in the Uffizi, was painted before old Cosmo's death. Their portraits, with other Florentine magnates, are introduced by Ghirlandajo in the frescoes of the Sassetti Chapel, but the commission was not given by any Medici; Lorenzo figures in the series by Sandro Botticelli, recently sold at Mr. Barker's sale, but these are known to have been executed for the Pucci family, and the arms of Julius II. on one of them points to a date when Lorenzo had long been in his grave. There were plenty of grand and noted painters both in Florence and in other parts of Italy—mature in his youth and ripening with his manhood—but it does not appear that he noticed any of them. His supposed interest in Michael Angelo—only seventeen years of age when Lorenzo died—is founded mainly on a puerile story by Vasari which any visitor to the Uffizi, who will take the trouble, may disprove.* Altogether Lorenzo de' Medici's patronage of pictorial art, whether in easel-pictures or in fresco, rests more on the imagination of certain modern biographers than on any sober facts of history.

It must also be borne in mind that Leonardo was then comparatively undis-

* This story relates to the head of the "Old Satyr," known as a youthful work by Michael Angelo, and still in the Sala delle Iscrizioni of the Uffizi. Vasari states that Lorenzo de' Medici seeing the young lad engaged on this head, which has the mouth grinning and half open, so as to show tongue and teeth, observed, "Thou oughtest to know that old men never have all their teeth." Whereupon Michael Angelo seized a tool, and, before Lorenzo had well turned his back, struck out one of the front teeth, making it appear as if it had fallen naturally. On Lorenzo's return he was so delighted with the boy's cleverness that he told the story to all his friends, and forthwith took him under his protection. The answer to this is that in the departure from the human to the animal character, the front teeth had purposely been modelled wide apart, and any one can see that no tooth has been knocked out, or could have stood in the vacant space.

tinguished as a painter—the pictures believed to belong to his early period owing their subsequent fame more to what he became than to any inherent attraction. That he rested his claim and patronage far less on his art than on his mechanical inventions, is obvious from the letter—supposed to have been written about 1481—addressed by him to Ludovico Sforza, called Il Moro, third son of the *condottiere* Francesco Sforza—the regent, and ultimately the usurper, of the Milanese duchy. This letter is remarkable in every way, as a marvellous prospectus of his own powers, a characteristic page in the Italian history of the fifteenth century, and a melancholy one in that of mankind; where the demands of war and of peace stand in curious disproportion, and where his art of painting comes in apparently as an afterthought: we give it entire:—

Having, most illustrious lord, seen and duly considered the experiments of all those who repute themselves masters and inventors of instruments of war, and having found that their instruments differ in no way from such as are in common use, I will endeavour, without wishing to injure any one, to make known to your Excellency certain secrets of my own, as briefly enumerated here below.

1. I have a way of constructing very light bridges, most easy to carry, by which one may pursue, or, at times, flee from, the enemy. Others also of a strong kind that resist fire or assault, and are easy to place and to remove. I know ways also for burning and destroying those of the enemy.

2. In case of investing a place I know how to remove water from ditches, and to make various scaling-ladders and other such instruments.

3. Item, if on account of the height, or strength of position, the place cannot be bombarded, I have a way for ruining every fortress which is not on stone foundations.

4. I can also make a kind of cannon, easy and convenient to transport, that will discharge inflammable stuff, causing great injury to the enemy, and also great terror from the smoke.

5. Item, by means of narrow and winding underground passages, made without noise, I can contrive a way for passing under ditches or any stream.

6. Item, I can construct covered carts, secure and indestructible, bearing artillery, which entering among the enemy will break the strongest body of men, and behind which infantry can follow without any impediment.

7. Item, I can construct cannon, mortars, and fire-engines of the finest forms, different from those in common use.

8. Where the use of cannon fails I can replace them by catapults, mangonels, and en-

gines for discharging missiles of admirable efficacy and hitherto unknown; and in short, according as the case may be, I can contrive endless means of offence.

9. And, if the fight should be at sea, I have numerous engines of utmost activity both for attack and defence, and vessels which will resist the heaviest fire; also powders and vapours.

10. In time of peace I believe I can equal any one in architecture and in constructing buildings, public or private, and in conducting water from one place to another.

Item, I can execute sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or terracotta; also in painting. I can do as much as another, be he who he may.

Further, I would engage to execute the bronze horse in lasting memory of my lord, your father, and the illustrious house of Sforza; and, if any of the above-mentioned things appear impossible or impracticable, I offer to make experiment of them in your park, or in any place that may please your Excellency, to whom I recommend myself in utmost humility, &c.

This letter seems to have obtained for Leonardo the desired invitation to the court of Milan, accompanied with a salary; chiefly, Vasari says, because the duke wished to hear him sing—an accomplishment of which the letter makes no profession. There can be no doubt, however, that music was one of Leonardo's acquirements, and musical instruments among his inventions, new forms of the lyre, and improvements of sounding-board, being sketched and described in his manuscripts. Amoretti also speaks of the frontispiece to a treatise on music, dedicated by a Florentine priest to Ascanio Sforza, brother to Ludovico, in which Leonardo is represented with a guitar in his hand. Doubtless, the profligate duke and his court were not slow to discover that Leonardo's gifts and powers of attraction were by no means all enumerated in this letter, and that they had drawn a prize as valuable for idle hours as for more serious uses. Biographers dwell on his great popularity with the court, and we can readily believe in the fascination of his personal beauty and address, in the admiration excited by his feats of horsemanship and muscular strength, and in the pastime afforded to pedants and bores by the wonder of his inventions, and the fun of his caricatures. In his double character, also, as artist and mechanic, there was no one to rival him in the invention and direction of those frequent shows and pageants which formed part of the policy of a bad ruler and of a doubtful throne, but which

unfortunately left no trace of the genius wasted upon them. But respect for genius, in a real sense, was hardly compatible with the nature of any Italian court at that time; and that of Milan, though perhaps not more cruel or depraved than others, presented features peculiarly detestable. Nor was its character improved by the addition of Beatrice d'Este, in honour of whose marriage with Ludovico in 1492, great festivities were enacted; who far from being the "mild saint" Mrs. Heaton kindly imagines, is known by her violence and heartless pride to have greatly aggravated the sufferings of the young Gian Galeazzo and his Neapolitan wife, the rightful duke and duchess of Milan.

We turn from spectacles of an hour to the two great *capì d'opera* executed in Milan, which first made him famous — the one then, and the other forever since. Precise dates and particulars fail for both. The model of the great horse, in honour of Francesco Sforza, to which the letter alludes, seems, at all events, to have been his first employment. The design and modelling are believed to have extended over sixteen years; while from some cause — either his own fastidiousness, or an injury from without, the horse is said to have figured in a procession and to have been broken — the enormous mass, which would have taken a hundred thousand lbs. of metal to cast (some biographers say two hundred thousand lbs.), was modelled by him twice over. For one little line survives, in his own left-handed writing — like a spot of *terra firma* in the great void of dates — which says that "on April 23, 1490, I recommenced the horse." Relics of his preparatory studies exist in exquisite pen-drawings, slight, but certain, of the structure of the horse; he so mastered its anatomy as to write a treatise on the subject; an engraving, attributed to his own hand, and in that case one of the few instances of his skill in this line of art, shows four different sketches of an equestrian figure; a slight outline of a gigantic horse within a kind of cage is among the photographs of the publication by the Italian government; and marginal jottings of the scaffolding, and even of the iron bars and rivets, needed to sustain the enormous weight of clay, are sketched in his writings; for in all things Leonardo began from the very beginning. But beyond these there is no trace of the colossal monument to Francesco Sforza, of which even the story of its having been

destroyed by the French archers in 1499, is now disputed, proofs having appeared that it was in existence years after that date. Much more was thought by himself, and by those around him, of the merit of this model, than of the other great work contemporarily going on. All Italy talked of it; verse and prose were alike enlisted, and alike empty, in its favour; Paolo Giovio, *à propos* of it, places Leonardo's plastic powers far above those of his brush, and says that the artist himself did the same; "*Plasticam ante alia penicillo præponebat.*"

It must be confessed, however, that the great master, in the character of a sculptor, awakens no image of delight. Not a scrap of clay, wax, bronze, or marble exists which can be proved to be by his hand, or which bears the stamp of it.* The very nature of his art, also, its positiveness and individuality, is at variance with the higher laws of sculpture; and, if the facsimile in Mrs. Heaton's work, of a figure in armour, seated on a horse, really represent a design of the monument, there, could have been nothing in it, as M. Clément admits, so original or grand as to raise its fame above, or even to the level of, Verocchio's "Colleoni" at Venice, or Donatello's "Gattamelata" at Padua. Nor is there any indication of Leonardo's admiration of such specimens of antique sculpture as had especially come to light in the north of Italy, unless we accept the evidence of his own epitaph, rendered more than proverbially untrustworthy by having been composed in his own life and under his correction, and which refers rather to the works of Vitruvius and the "*divina proporzione*" of orders of architecture which much occupied his mind than to antique art properly so called. As we have said before, classic art, excepting in such instances as the Pisan sculptors and the school of Padua under Mantegna, was sought rather for its associations with classic literature than for its own beauties.

We turn to that stupendous monument of human skill which all the powers adverse to a work of art have not yet totally obliterated. It has a gallery of its own in the way of copies, a library of its own in the form of description, an epic of its

* M. Rio, in his "*Art Chrétien*," mentions as in the possession of M. Thiers "*une petite figure en ivoire, d'un travail exquis, qu'il serait difficile d'attribuer à un autre qu'à Léonard.*" It has mingled, we fear, like other things of beauty, with the ashes of the late president's house.

own in the annals of maltreatment. We read what that picture has undergone with something of the same pain as of the torture of some noble animal. The misery and distraction of Italy fell heavily on the great "*Cena*," as upon every good and beautiful thing. Fifty years after its completion, its glory had already departed. A painter called it a mere blotch of colour, a cardinal called it a mere relic. Then came the monks and pierced the feet of the Saviour afresh, and broke the legs of the disciples. Quack doctors followed, who professed to know a healing secret, and who anointed and painted over the wounds with gaudy colours, till in the opinion of the Milanese people it was far more beautiful than when it issued from the master's hand. Half a century later, in 1770, the small remains of original epidermis were carefully scarified, and a new restorer is believed to have given it the *coup de grace*. From time to time, also, the waters rose and soaked the walls to which so precious a surface had been imperfectly attached. Finally the horses of Napoleon's cavalry were stalled in its august presence, innocent, at all events, of the sanctuary they defiled. And when wars had ceased, and the map of Europe had been re-arranged, the new masters of Lombardy paraded their possession of the majestic ruin by nailing the wretched emblazonry of their Imperial house directly above the head of the Saviour. To this day, perhaps of necessity, a species of tinkering, under the plea of preservation, is always going on, and every fresh visit to it shows fresh dilapidation; yet, the "*Last Supper*," by Leonardo da Vinci, in the refectory of the convent of the Madonna delle Grazie, at Milan, remains, even now, one of the great *impressions* a cultivated mind can receive.

We do not underrate the seeds of injury sown by Leonardo himself. Here that tentative, experimental system, proper for science but dangerous for art, which was his ruling passion, led him to discard the safe and common process of fresco. This process, too, required a promptness of execution foreign to his nature. The painter who never knew when to have done touching and retouching, necessarily abjured the usually prepared wall, and devised in its stead a preparation, untried and untrustworthy, on which he worked with some form of oil medium. For a contemporary describes often seeing him leave the Corte Vecchia, where he was modelling the

great horse, and run to the convent, where he would mount the scaffold, give a few touches, and then return. These touches could only be in oil, for fresco permits of no such coquetting. Lastly, the chief cause for the decay of the work, the damp situation, may safely be laid to the folly or tyranny of the usurper himself. The old convent, mainly owing to the frequent inundations, had fallen into ruins, when Ludovico, either from ignorance or ill-will, compelled the monks to rebuild it on the same low ground, the refectory being on the lowest part of it. The building thus raised, with the prospect of fresh ruin before it, was cheaply and carelessly constructed. Göthe, who inspected it, reports the wretched materials of which the columns and arches were composed—old, crumbling bricks, and porous stone impregnated with salts, which exuded through the whitewash. Still, there is no doubt that fresco operations would not have suffered in the same degree, as evidenced by the better state of Montorfani's contemporary work on the opposite wall.

We spare the reader further details of the oft-told tale, and will only briefly analyze the place of this great work—the actual execution of which is assigned to the period from 1495 to 1498*—in the art of the century and in the art of the master. The choice of the subject marks Leonardo's Florentine derivation. Excepting in illuminated MSS. the "*Last Supper*" had hardly been seen out of Florence, where frescoes by the school of Giotto, and by Orgagna, in Santa Croce and the Ognissanti, must have been known to him. It was one of the most difficult subjects a painter could undertake—numerous figures, all male, all seated, and all comparatively inactive. But the painters above-mentioned, at all events, aimed in the direction of that goal which Leonardo alone reached. The difference between them and him is one of degree, not of kind. It is usual to talk of his throwing off the fetters of tradition, but it was certainly not those fetters which obstructed his predecessors, nor the release from them which ensured his success. The traditional feature consisted in little more than the isolated position of Judas on the side of the table nearest the spectator.†

* The first engraving dates from 1497.

† The "*Last Supper*" in S. Onofrio, Florence, at one time attributed to Raphael, was most probably executed before Leonardo's work, for Judas sits alone in front. After the Milan "*Cena*" was known no one observed this tradition.

The more perfect representation of the subject depended solely on the more perfect development of the powers of art, and especially of the art of expression. In this respect Leonardo was pointed out to be the painter of the "Last Supper," for he had all the subtleties of expression and action equally within his grasp. Instead of being his difficulty, this was his opportunity. Twelve different individualities had to be portrayed, all agitated by the same central cause—the words of Christ—and all diversely. Scripture prescribed an impetuous Peter—a gentle and loving John—a guilty son of perdition; but Leonardo cast himself on his own feeling for the rest, and created disciples out of such types of men as best combined to make a grand dramatic whole. He even departed from the letter of Scripture to serve his art—the only authority the true painter acknowledges—and made St. John leaning away from the Lord, instead of on His breast; thus giving greater space and dignity to the chief figure. Much controversy has been wasted, and even recently, as to whether the head of Christ was taken from the Byzantine type. But the Byzantine type of our Lord varies from the grandest to the most abject; Leonardo's character, and the picture in question, are ill-comprehended by those who think that he would be guided by either, or that any trace of either is recognizable. The stories of his awe and hesitation in delineating the head of the Saviour rest on no foundation, beyond Vasari, except the sentimentality of the faithful. Instead of having been left unfinished, it is, even in its present state, evident that it was one of those most carefully completed. But a work of this date is sure to be encrusted with fables; one of them, with all the true Vasarian tinge, has been so long disproved that it is strange to find it retained by any writer of the present day. The story runs, namely, that the prior of the convent, impatient at Leonardo's delays, made interest with the duke to urge him to greater speed; to whom the painter is stated to have replied, that great artists were thinking most while doing least; and that being at a loss for a head as a fitting type for Judas, he was determined, if importuned further, to revenge himself by taking that of the reverend father himself. At this the duke laughed heartily, said he was quite right, and the poor prior went to dig in his garden, and left Leonardo in peace. This foolish story has been further converted

by succeeding biographers into the fact that the head of the traitor does actually represent the prior of that time, and forms to this day part of the stock tale told to travellers who have the patience to listen to the poor *custode* of the place. The simple answer to all this is, that with his cartoons of every head already drawn, and doubtless stencilled on the wall, there could have been no hesitation about a model for that of Judas. Further, that the prior, Fra Vincenzo Bandelli, a man of distinction, was too much in favour with the duke for that personage to have encouraged even the menace of such an insult; and lastly, that he is known to have been a man of advanced age, bald, grey, and with fine features—the utmost contrast in all these respects to the Judas of Leonardo's conception.*

This work, which stands alone as the keystone of Christian pictorial art, is equally solitary as combining all the painter's powers. It was thoroughly completed; without over-finish, and without a sign of vacillation or correction. It bears the aspect of having been executed *con amore*, a quality hardly characteristic of any other work by the master, whose art has more the air of study than of delight. It may be added, that it is entirely Italian in character. Steering closer to positive daily life than had been before attempted, the heads are types under which the varieties of Italian physiognomy may still be classified. The hands, too, would identify a people who gesticulate, not more perhaps than colder races—for the Germans brandish dirty hands in every direction—but with a grace and histrionic expression, as well as a display of beautiful forms, which make their gestures especially worthy a painter's study.

M. Clément doubts the religious or Christian tendency of Leonardo's art and we readily agree with him that this is not its special aim or excellence. The highest religious impression is given, perhaps as a rule, by the art which has not attained maturity; as the truly spiritual utterance proceeds oftener from the child than from the man. Perfect art, engages our attention more for itself than for its subject. That the "Last Supper" produces a really religious impression is because it so truly tells the awful tale; but that impression was not the necessary result of Leonardo's own spir-

* See Tiraboschi, "*Litteratura Italiana*," p. 1763, note. Also Nagler's "Dictionary," article on Leonardo da Vinci.

itual aspirations — aspirations not seen in any other work by him. The highest spiritual expression he has conveyed lies in his "Holy Children." Yet even in them it does not represent a religious emanation, but simply that touching and solemn look of the pure infant, whether Christian or Pagan, "over whom his immortality broods like the day;" a look which scarcely another painter has so noted from life. For Leonardo's forte, we must remember, was accurate observation of eye, not innate fervour of spirit. The period, not his own tendencies, caused him, as it did many others, to paint church pictures; and we have therefore to thank the period that such subjects came within the range of his acute perceptions. We have indeed to thank the Church far more than is generally acknowledged, that she did supply a demand for at least decorous subjects. Had art been left to the patronage of profligate patrons — such as were then almost all the princes of Italy — pictures would too often have been identified with subjects unfit for contemplation.*

Leonardo, after the "Last Supper," stands on the highest step he, or any modern painter, has attained. He painted, doubtless in Milan, the two exquisite portraits now in the Ambrogian Library, miscalled "Ludovico il Moro" and "Beatrice d'Este;" but most probably, as agreeing better in age, representing the unfortunate Gian Galeazzo and Isabella of Arragon. Also portraits of Ludovico's mistresses; one of which has disappeared, while the other is believed to be recognized in the so-called "*Belle Ferronière*," in the Louvre — a lady not disparaged by the mistake, since she occupied a similar position towards Francis I. That the few "Holy Families," recognized by the true odour of the Leonardesque sweetness, were executed in Milan is also probable, for as he increased in age and fastidiousness, beginnings seem to have been all he achieved, and but few of them. Altogether, there are not more than five or six pictures which connoisseurs acknowledge, and those only in parts, to be by his hand, and even on those few they are not unanimous.

After the departure of the master from Milan to Florence, on the fall of Ludovico — 1499-1500 — all connected with his art, as with his life, is more or less disappointing. He eagerly superseded

* It is an error to suppose that Savonarola waged war against art. He condemned "nudities," but declared that it was better to paint than to beg.

the gracious Filippino Lippi, who gave up to him the commission for an altarpiece for the church of the Serviti, and proceeded in it no farther than the cartoon now belonging to the Royal Academy. He quitted the atmosphere of this dawning creation of virginal and blissful heads and gentle caresses to become chief military engineer to Cæsar Borgia, then ravaging the Romagna and Umbria. Returning after a time to Florence, he accepted a commission to paint one of the walls of the great hall in the Palazzo Vecchio, but embarked his design on a surface still more insecurely prepared than that of the "Last Supper." It fell to pieces under his hand, while, even of the cartoon, nothing has survived except Rubens' paraphrase of part of it, engraved by Edelinck under the name of the "Battle of the Standard."

It has been seen that Leonardo offered himself in his letter to Ludovico as "equal to others in architecture." This slight sketch, therefore, requires some mention of this additional form of his practice of art. His earliest biographers, Vasari and Lomazzo, style him "*Pittore e Architetto*," and there is no doubt that his exact mind was peculiarly constituted to take delight in the principles of this study. His chief friend in Milan, who is said to have resided with him, was Fra Luca Pacioli, the professor of mathematics and architecture, to whom also two other of what we may call the learned and scientific painters of Italy were known — Pietro della Francesca and Melozzo da Forlì. It was for the Frate's work on "*La Divina Proporzione*" that Leonardo executed above sixty geometrical illustrations, all drawn, as is said in the preface, "with that ineffable left hand." Numerous sketches of edifices designed by Leonardo, or taken from existing buildings, are scattered through his writings; he was also associated with a commission for the elevation of the cupola of Milan Cathedral, but no building remains to show what he could practically do.

Of his poetic vein only the one sonnet survives, commencing —

Chi non può quel che vuol, quel che può
voglia;

one, however, by no means insignificant either in intrinsic merit, or as characteristic of the mind. For the same tale is told in this small page as in all the rest of the volume. Close observation, sensible advice, and that careful finish which

gives a certain charm even to thoughts rising little above mere truisms, are all here—the accents of a votary of experience rather than of a lover of song. It may be doubted whether much of Leonardo's verse has been lost; a voice that observes such discreet limits has not much to say. Poetry must be fed either from the heart or the imagination; and in all we are permitted to see of the man himself, the one is scantily bared to view, and the other never encouraged.

We turn now to other forms of his intellectual activity. Even with their help the records of his doings at Milan, embracing probably a period of nearly twenty years, and those in the prime of his vigour, are but scantily filled up. It is more inferred than known—and that chiefly from an engraving of a curiously interlaced pattern surrounding a circle,* in which is the inscription "*Accademia Leonardi Vinci*"—that there was an academy of art at Milan, and that he was at the head of it. It is further concluded that his "*Trattato della Pittura*" embodies the notes of lectures addressed by him to his scholars. Volumes, also, of jottings, scribbings, marginal hints, and sketches, some of them of the grandest order—sparks from which none but himself could then draw light—attest habits of observation, reasoning, and deduction which never flagged. All these, however, added to ever-recurring shows and pageants, yet leave the sense of many a blank page.

The principal edition of the work by Leonardo just mentioned, called "*Il Trattato della Pittura*," was published from a copy in the Vatican—the best version existing, though known to have been imperfectly compiled from a MS. now lost. This work throws curious and unmistakable light on Leonardo both as thinker and painter. Positive as opposed to imaginative in character, it confirms all the theory of his mind which we have endeavoured to draw from his art. It consists of rules and precepts in separate chapters, amounting to 450 in number, and entirely addressed to the principles and practice of art. It has been surmised that this collection is not entirely original, but gathered from the sweepings of desk and studio, and arranged by friends or pupils. To our view, however, it contains abundant internal evidence of the master's sole hand. There is all his over-conscientiousness of de-

tail, which, like his art, "*approche parfois à la puérilité*," and, above all, there is that peculiar lingering over preparatory foundations, as if from a kind of shyness to grapple with the real task, which characterized all he undertook. He says that "*il Pittore è Padrone di tutte le cose*," but the things he thinks necessary for this mastery required a patience no one but himself possessed. With strict habits of analytic reasoning, step by step, he has no sympathy with the more rapid deductions of other minds, and goes on teaching long after his reader has been taught. The work embraces every stage of instruction from A to Z; from useless speculations and wearisome platitudes—sacrifices doubtless to the pedantry of the time—to the closest and subtlest observations of an eye which saw everything, even, as the French would say, to "*les yeux des fourmis*," and reasoned on all it saw. The student is invited at the outset to inquire whether poetry or painting, or painting or sculpture, be the superior art—whether the world would lose most if all were deaf or all were blind. He is reminded that he must walk before he can run—that if he wants to read he must learn his letters; or to climb a wall he must mount by gradual steps. And before the work concludes he is initiated, at the slowest possible pace, into every imaginable distinction of light, shade, colour, half-shades, half-lights, reflections, reverberations—whether in the open field or within the limit of a room—by sunshine, cloud, or firelight—by atmosphere clear or misty—by morning, noon, or evening—that can variously affect objects coloured or colourless, flat or relieved, large or small, near or distant. It is evident, as shown in Sir Charles Eastlake's essay on Goethe's theory of colours, that Leonardo was familiar with Aristotle's treatise, and that the precepts which his experience dictates for the use of the scholar are in accordance with, if not derived from, the older authority. The same changes are also rung on every diversity of beauty and grace, form, action, position, proportion, measurement, weight, balance; in man, woman, and child, and even in animals; from things the most general to things the most particular; equally as applicable to the whole figure as to different ages, and different parts of it—from the mean average measurements of the body to the minutest actions of separate members; how figures jump, and how figures run; what muscles are set in

* Given as frontispiece to Amoretti's work.

movement when a man wants to look at his own heels; how the joints of a finger are larger when bent than when straight; how we can neither ascend nor descend, nor walk on level ground, without raising the heel of the hindmost foot; how a man walking goes quicker with his head than with his feet; and even how the machinery that keeps the nose in the centre of the face is varied in eight different ways.

In no work by the master, in any form, is it more distinctly seen that the first great passion of the mind was observation—indulged to an extent that, like his art, no amount of precision could satisfy it; and that the second was a no less imperative desire to inculcate on others what he had himself observed; the one ever impelling him to learn, the other to teach. Occasionally, in contrast to (and relief from) such over-precise rules, which, in the effort at more and more clearness, end by confusing the reader, there occurs a paragraph of larger import; such as

A painter should never imitate another, or he will be called the nephew, and not the son, of Nature. For since Nature gives things in endless profusion, he should rather have recourse to her than go second-hand to those who have learnt from her.*

Or we fall in with a hit against some parsimonious fellow-artist—perhaps his old fellow-scholar, Perugino:—

The painter who mistrusts not himself will learn little. If his work be above his judgment, he will never improve; if his judgment be above his work (and this was too much his own case), he will never cease to improve; *se l'avarizia non l'impedisce*†

One paragraph also shows a grudge against a portion of his fellow-creatures among the lower classes of Italy, who, it must be confessed, are to this day not always gentle or picturesque. Dwelling on the distinctions in action and movement proper to children and to young women, to old men and old women: how children should be represented with quick, oblique movements when seated, but straight and timid when standing; young women with modest action, the knees closed, the arms gathered together, the head inclined forward, and rather on one side: old men with bent knees, and slow and heavy step; he adds directions for the characteristic portrayal of the

aged representatives of the female sex which we would not translate for the world—"Le vecchie si debbono figurare ardite e pronte, con rabbiosi movimenti, a guisa di furie infernali!"*

What will most interest the analyzer of Leonardo's own art, in this work, are the indications of what are known to be his favourite excellences—the close modelling and delicate gradations of light and shade by which he aimed at the utmost roundness and relief. Throughout the numerous paragraphs on the treatment of lights and shadows will be found warnings against "*ombre terminate*," or shadows with distinct terminations; urging the student to that observation of the lesser shades and lesser lights by which the extremes of both can be united without line or edge "*a uso di fumo*"—in the manner of smoke—a precept which gave rise to a word of his invention, still in the painter's vocabulary, and without which it would be difficult to define Leonardo's own mode of execution, viz., "*sfumato*." We see also his distaste to all exaggerated muscular markings—prompted perhaps by the sight of Michael Angelo's school—which he defines as "looking more like a sack of walnuts than a human figure;" while in his directions for the "beauty of faces,"† he says, "do not make muscles with sharp definitions, but let the soft light terminate insensibly in sweet and pleasing shadows, whence proceed grace and beauty." A certain feeling also against the school of colour—grapes which were somewhat sour to him—may be suspected, as opposed to the roundness he ever aimed at. He designates it as calculated to gain the applause of the vulgar, "who desire nothing more than beauty of colour, not understanding that of relief."‡

But the "*Trattato della Pittura*," while implying studies far beyond its own special scope, gives no adequate measure of the mind which embraced in its observation the phenomena equally of earth, air, fire, and water. For such imperfect estimate of the genius of Leonardo as can now be formed—and however fragmentary the evidence, it can only gain in appreciation by the advance of science—we must look to those collections of memoranda, alternately written and drawn, which under the name of "books"

* Cap. xxiv.

† Cap. xli.

* Cap. lxiii.

† Cap. xcvi.

‡ Cap. cclxxvii.

he bequeathed to his friend Francesco Melzi, present at his death. The original amount of these "remains" no one can tell, for no inventory of them exists. They were brought back to Italy by Melzi, who survived his friend till 1570, after which his descendants, sinking with their country's degradation, tossed them into the garret of that Villa Vapri, on the walls of which Leonardo's mark, in the form of the colossal "Madonna and Child," still remains. It is impossible to trace the hands through which these MSS. have passed, the mutilations they have suffered, or the amount that has been lost. One volume belonged to Ambrogio Ficino, a remote scion of the Leonardo school, who died in 1608, leaving it to Vespino, a still more degenerate descendant of the great master. One was in the possession of Cardinal Federigo Borromeo; a third belonged to Carlo Emmanuele of Savoy, and is supposed to have perished in one of the fires that consumed the royal library at Turin. Some found their way to Charles I.'s collection—a volume was obtained by "Consul Smith" of Venice—but the greater number, amounting to thirteen volumes, gravitated eventually by a natural process to the Ambrogian Library, whence they were carried off by the French commissioners, too well informed to overlook their great importance. Owning, as we have said, to the negligence of the Austrian government, one only volume, the "*Codice Atlantico*"—it is true by far the most important—was restored to its former place in the Ambrogian Library; the twelve others still remaining in Paris, and not readily shown by the French, lest too much attention should be called to their unjust possession.* M. Clément, on this account perhaps, omits to dwell on them, though he describes the large volume purchased some years ago from Signor Vallardi by the Louvre. Other smaller collections exist in the Vatican, in the Casa Trivulzi, Milan, and in the British Museum. No one, however, can be said to have thoroughly explored these endless sibylline leaves. And, considering the age of the writing, its strange contractions and orthography, its wearisome left-handed character, and the disorder into which

these manuscripts have been shuffled, it must be an enthusiast of singular leisure and patience that would devote himself to them. Even when assisted by the pencil, "which speaks the tongue of every land," the ideas remain, many of them, enigmatical.

Next to the volume printed by the Italian government, most information is derived from the essay on "The Science and Literature of Leonardo da Vinci," by Mr. C. C. Black, of the South Kensington Museum, which forms part of Mrs. Heaton's work. This is by far the most popular and comprehensive view yet given of the multifarious sides of one who has bequeathed to posterity so much of his mind and so little of his life. It would be difficult to compile a list even of the subjects which occupied a mind to which the readily-applied commonplace of "before his time" renders no justice; and which, a hundred years before Bacon, led the way to those experimental principles—"the only method," in his own words, "to be observed in the study of the phenomena of nature." The discoveries of Leonardo da Vinci, in the language of Mr. Hallam, "are rather such as to strike us with preternatural awe—more like the revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind, than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any preceding and established basis." Beginning with his art, there was the study of anatomy, never before so thoroughly mastered and exemplified; to the accuracy of which, as evidenced by his drawings, we have the tribute of our own great anatomist, John Hunter.* Connected with his engineering labours was his mastery of mathematical and geometrical laws; connected with his geometry, his knowledge of perspective, to which appertains his suggestion of the camera obscura, clearly described in the "*Trattato*," and falsely attributed to his junior, Albert Dürer. From perspective to the laws regulating light the way was immediate, the words perspective and optics being then convertible terms. And here the ingenious little instrument of our day, the stereoscope, did not escape his foresight. Though not its actual inventor, he indubitably preceded our own Wheatstone in the recognition of its principle. For, noticing that slight diversity of the two images of every object presented simultaneously to both eyes, by which we obtain the solidity and relief of actual

* According to the "*Saggio delle Opere di Leonardo*" the twelve volumes in Paris have been gravely mutilated in order to enrich the two volumes in the collection of Lord Ashburnham. The treasures belonging to that nobleman are so little known, that we have no proof as to whether this assertion be true.

* See Hunter's Lectures, published 1784.

nature, of the rationale of which he gives a geometrical illustration, he confesses that a picture, however elaborate, cannot possibly — and, in the interest of art, we may add fortunately — present the same effect of reality. Continuing in the same line of cognate phenomena, he suggests a method of measuring light, which, two centuries later, appeared as a French discovery — he wrote a treatise on lights and shadows — pointed the way to the burning-glass, and more than the way to the telescope; for a drawing of this instrument appears in the "*Codice Atlantico*." Thence he is found diverging to the still mysterious field of acoustics — to the vibrations of tones, the velocity of sound, and the construction of certain musical instruments; — to the laws which govern force, motion, and gravitation, with a thorough working-out of the principles of the lever and of the pendulum, and a clearly indicated apprehension of the rotation of the earth; — to the actions of weight, pressure, and attrition; to the density of the atmosphere, and the first construction of the barometer, under the design for which are his words, "*Modo di vedere quando si guasta il tempo*;" — to an improvement in the compass, since in common use; — to the idea of marine vessels propelled by wheels against the current; — so working his way to the great practical area of mechanics, which he calls "the paradise of the mathematical sciences."

Indeed, it is superfluous for his reputation to credit him any longer with the formation of the Martesana Canal — called "*il Naviglio*" — one of the stock tales which have been repeated *ad nauseam*. This work, like the grand "*Spedale*," and other undertakings of utility and beauty at Milan, was owing not to Ludovico il Moro, but to the far nobler ruler, his father, Francesco Sforza, and is known to have been completed before Leonardo's arrival in Milan.* There is proof, however, that Leonardo invented new lock-gates, and repaired the canal. The investigation of the forces, for good or for evil, of moving bodies of water — rivers and torrents — is the duty to which every great Italian engineer may be said, by the character of his native land, to be especially called. In the inundation of the Po in 1493, by which the convent refectory of S. Maria delle Grazie was submerged, the thoughts of the painter must have pondered on the methods by which

such periodical catastrophes could be averted. To ensure the safe application of that science of hydraulics which was his especial forte and delight, the principles of hydrostatics were the indispensable step. In all things, accordingly, beginning with the beginning, we find him searching and defining the laws applicable to fluids in a state of rest — capillary attraction and equality of pressure — the action of the syphon — the bore of the since established Artesian well, and that emptying of ditches and conducting of water professed in his letter to the duke. The prominence of the business of war, continually entailed by the treachery of the wretched potentates who eventually degraded the fairest peninsula on this earth, is of course conspicuous in these notes and memoranda. Competent judges have borne witness that Leonardo's profession of improved powers of destruction was no empty boast. Living on the debatable ground between ancient and modern modes of warfare — between the catapult and the cannon — he gave new forms and increased forces to each. Sketches still remain which show that the greater destructiveness and further range of what we now know as the *mitrailleuse*, and conical projectiles, were anticipated in his brain. Nay, even the use of steam as applied to a monstrous form of cannon, finds its place as a seed dropped by a mind which stands like one in the centre of a circle, towards whom all main lines of modern knowledge — astronomy, geology, chemistry, mechanics, natural history, and even botany, converge. And yet a mind, in curious respects, not disconnected with its own period; attracted at one time, doubtless in youth, by the chimera of perpetual motion, flying men, aerial chariots, winged ships; ideas, with others not less baseless, which survive in his writings, and with them his own recognition of their absurdity, being marked here and there with a marginal "*falso*," or "*non è desso*." And yet not abandoned till, pursuing his own experimental system, he had sifted the more from the less practical plan; as in the construction of a flying-machine, in which he had fixed on the wing of the bat as better fitted for imitation than that of the bird.

True also to himself in the things he forebore to look into. No sign in these great repertoires of original thought of any interest in metaphysics, theology, or the philosophy of the schoolmen. Like Galileo after him, following no fruitless

* Tiraboschi, p. 1701.

inquiry into first causes; seeking nothing that he might not hope to prove. "What is that," he says, "that does not give itself to human comprehension, and, if it did, would not exist? It is the Infinite, which, if it could so give itself, would be done and ended." No sign either, as far as these repertories have been explored, of any interest in the world then around him. Columbus was only ten years older than he—Savonarola exactly his own age. States were falling—foes were invading; but to judge from these records such men and such facts existed not. Even the great painters contemporary with him have left no mark in these writings, as far as hitherto known, unless in the hints we have indicated. Nor is there the slightest appearance that the higher demands of our nature were even repressed in him. No enthusiasm is seen to warp his judgment—no dreams of philanthropy to swell and agitate his heart—no love of woman to kindle unrest. Ever seeking to solve all mechanical problems, he was neutral in presence of all moral truths. With intellect thus predominant, passion, impetuosity, and imprudence were foreign to him. Words dropped here and there further show the inner man. "Flee from storms." "The painter should be solitary—if thou art alone thou art all thine own." "Patience against injustice is as a garment against the cold; if the cold increases put on additional garments." Such discretion as this does not seem to have altogether shielded him from the suspicions of the Church, though possibly from the wiles of the female sex; for the paltry mind of Vasari imputes to him "ideas so heretical, that he did not conform to any religion, thinking it peradventure far better to be a philosopher than a Christian." This passage, however, was withdrawn after the first edition. Leonardo, also, in his "*Trattato*" speaks of himself as charged with two great offences—"working at my art on feast-days, and investigating the works of God," and gives the clue to his accusers "*Farisei, ciò vuol dir santi Frati*." One sentence also implies that he had been imprisoned:—"When I made the Lord God an Infant, you imprisoned me." Let us pause a moment to recall the multiplied facets of this brilliant genius; receiving and giving light in all directions—surpassing in art, and yet, relatively, less artist than physiologist, engineer, mathematician. Or rather, chiefly artist to the generation in which

he lived, because the arts were the only form of his activity then generally in demand. The skilled labourer in every department. The man of all work for this world, and therefore of incomparably more work than the world then could use. With practical purposes in all his researches, seeing, observing, noticing everything—the fall of the wave—the motion of the bird—the duration of the echo—the veins of the leaf—the bones of extinct animals—the scintillations of the stars—the conditions of the moon—the connection of motion with heat—and these last two in terms which Nasmyth himself might have employed. And inventing every thing; for, in happy relief to his destructive ingenuities, his pages teem with every form of mercantile and even humblest domestic utility. For instance, designs for more than thirty kinds of mills—one even of a treadmill, a marvel of perspective and beauty of line; windlasses, cranes, machines for wire-drawing, plate-rolling, file-cutting; saws, drills, looms, instruments for flattening and dressing cloth; a surgical probe—a universal joint—a spring to close doors—cows for smoky chimneys—the artist's so-called camp-stool—a roasting-jack (still in use in Italy) moved by the draught of hot air; and finally, last but not least, among the many things moved by wheels, the common wheelbarrow. Practical, too, in all things, even in such schemes as that of lifting the Baptistery of Florence on to a higher level, or moving mountains from one plain to another, which, if feasible at all, could only be by such means as he suggests. A man, appointed not so much to work in his own person as to be the universal supplier and prompter of work for the intellectual and brute forces of others; who called himself humbly "the disciple of practice;" but whom we may rather denominate as the priest and prophet of the laws and forces of nature.

Still, we linger over the course and character of Leonardo da Vinci with an absence of satisfaction painful to ourselves. Much of that which we feel to be wanting must be laid to the period to which he belonged. Who shall say how far every man participates in the good or evil in which he is appointed to move and live and have his being? Where independence of bearing and self-respect were looked upon, as in Michael Angelo, as surliness and crotchets; where he was most successful in life who could carry the darkest designs under the most

friendly aspect and manner; and he alone safe who refused (while pretending it) credence to the most cordial assurances; where treachery and intrigue were the accepted statesmanship of the great, and flattery and insincerity the current coin of their subjects—in such a state of manners and morals those few who could rise above the social standard had a twofold battle to fight—the one with themselves common to all men—the other with the weight of the custom around them. Such a warrior, it may be safely averred, Leonardo was not. He took things as he found them; neither lamenting (like Michael Angelo) that they were no better, nor caring to reform them. His transcendent genius was also of that kind which brings most temptation to its possessor. The man of shining gifts, as distinguished from the man of great qualities, has always a sphere, and is always in request, for he amuses, even instructs—never, even tacitly, reproves. Still, it is difficult to reconcile the contrast between this unceasingly working and thinking being, and the cowardly, heartless, and ignorant traitor and usurper, whose company flattered, and whose patronage alternately fed and starved him. The court of Ludovico Sforza was one of the most profligate and empty that existed even at a time when a Borgia occupied the papal throne; Leonardo was in both respects evidently the reverse. Even Vasari, who defamed Raphael, has no vicious gossip to tell of him; yet he contentedly breathed an atmosphere as uncongenial as unworthy of him. It must be taken into account that he was the first painter who lived in social equality with the great of the land, and for those who would live with them then on any terms, the debasing courtier element was inevitable. On the other hand, the fact that a tyrant like Ludovico il Moro surrounded himself with men of reputation for learning and arts has received, as with Lorenzo de' Medici, far too favourable an interpretation. Such environment, which would now be considered a pure tribute to genius, was then rather a politic but contemptible device which answered many purposes; the amusement of the hour, the diversion of scrutinizing eyes, and the sure falsification of history.

Nevertheless, much of what we feel to be defective in Leonardo must inexorably be laid to himself. For no less strange and rare than the range of his intellectual gifts were the extremes ob-

vious in his character. In his art he reaches from the subtlest and sweetest beauty to the most unnatural and hideous deformity; in his writings from the grandest generalities to the most puerile particulars; in his daily habits from the profoundest studies and application to (we are assured) the vainest extravagance and ostentation; from the clearest methods of reasoning and closest accuracy of observation as regards cause and effect, to all the sure consequences of reckless expenditure, disorder, and social degradation—debts, fawnings, unpaid salary, and humiliating beggings, even for clothes; in his life from the illustrious philosopher who commands the wonder and admiration of all enlightened ages, to the hireling who knew not the meaning of the word patriot, who shifted with every wind of fortune, executed *chefs-d'œuvre* or invented toys, equally to flatter the French invader or the Milanese usurper; placed himself, like the mercenary troops of the time, at the disposal of whomsoever happened to be in power, no matter how obtained; and principally served two of the most iniquitous princes of the age, Ludovico Sforza and Cæsar Borgia.

There is evidence, however, that these habits of self-accommodation to successive rulers exceeded even the latitude then allowed. However elastic the bonds of allegiance, the great master changed sides too often. He had looked on indifferent at the usurpation of the throne of Milan, on the misery of the young Gian Galeazzo and his wife, and must be believed to have ignored the suspected dark sequel to that story. He had shown no reluctance to aid Ludovico in welcoming over the Alps those packs of French wolves under Charles VIII. who first overran the fair plains of Italy. On the fall of Ludovico, caught in the toils he had spread for others, he had built triumphal arches for the entry of Louis XII.; and on Louis' discomfiture and the restoration of the young Maximilian, son of Ludovico, in 1512, Leonardo had disposed himself to renew his relations with the Sforza family. It appears that on this occasion the court of Milan became, to use a familiar phrase, too hot for him, when, following his favourite maxim, "Flee from storms," he removed to Florence. There, having obtained the protection of the pusillanimous Julian de' Medici—son of Lorenzo the Magnificent—he accompanied that prince to Rome for the consecration of his

brother Giovanni as Leo X., in 1513. But here a cold reception is said to have mortified him. The pope, it is true, commissioned him to paint a picture—a task we may safely aver then become impossible to him. Instead of composing a design, he set to work with preparatory measures, and began to experimentalize on the distillation of fixed oils from certain plants—which led to the reputed saying on the pope's part, "Alas! this man is thinking of the end before he has made a beginning." Nor did Michael Angelo or Raphael, both engaged on great works, show any disposition to enlist his co-operation. It was extremely improbable, if they knew anything of his fastidious and dilatory habits in art, that they should do so; but it may be doubted whether the so-called rivalry between Michael Angelo and himself had anything to do with the matter, or whether that rivalry ever existed at all. Michael Angelo and Leonardo never approached each other's orbits except in the decoration of the great council hall of the Palazzo Vecchio. And in that instance the supposed rivalry of exhibition has been much exaggerated; for the cartoons were not seen by the public simultaneously; Leonardo's having been exhibited in 1504, and Michael Angelo's not till 1506. Far more probable is it, as surmised by M. Clément, that the man who had no passions and no opinions but those which suited his interest, and who had ceased to be a profitable *protégé* for those who coveted specimens of his art, began to be regarded with less interest, and was peculiarly antipathetic to the very opposite nature of the impetuous Buonarroti. At all events, the residence in Rome was short, and Leonardo is found again in Milan, where a fresh turn of the wheel had taken place, erecting arches for the last new-comer, Francis I., for whom his automaton lion, who walked into the king's presence and opened his breast filled with French lilies, was especially contrived. From this time he remained true to the French service; openly showed himself in the suite of Francis at Bologna on the meeting between that monarch and the pope, and revenged himself for all supposed slights by caricaturing the papal courtiers. Finally, as we all know, he removed altogether on to French soil, and died at the Château of Cloux at Amboise in 1519, having accepted salary and protection from the French king, and rendered him no single work in return. Truly has it

been said, "The spirit of that time was a menial spirit," and not even such a mind as that of Leonardo was exempt from its influence. For, however marvellous the height at which his intellect soared above the age, the same superiority is not upheld in his life. Nothing is more true than that his conscience as artist and natural philosopher was *incontentabile*—in art even a hindrance to his activity—but his reputation would stand higher had it been equally fastidious as a man.*

* Under the sensational title of "The Death-bed of Leonardo," an account is given by Mrs. Heaton, quoted from M. Arsène Houssaye's work, which attempts to revive the exploded tale of the great painter's death "on a royal breast." We fail in these times, or perhaps in this country, to appreciate the object of this attempt. A story is told by Condivi of Julius III. who promised Michael Angelo the post-mortem compliment of embalming his body, and preserving it in the pontifical private apartments: we know also that the forefinger of Galileo's right hand was detached from his remains, on their removal in 1737, and preserved by one of the grand dukes of Tuscany. The times, however, are over when such concessions towards the dying and the dead can be construed into any real tribute to the claims of genius, or any compensation for its wrongs. On the other hand, the reported successful search for the body of Leonardo by the Comte de Paris, at the Château of Clos-Lucé, as it is now called, can only be viewed as a manly and intelligent homage to a great name.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
MISS ANGEL.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.

THE little room looked very empty and deserted without Angelica. The two men worked on in silence. Miss Angel was away among her grand acquaintances. "Perhaps she might come home presently, absorbed, preoccupied as usual; she might not even like to find him there," thought poor Antonio bitterly.

Presently he raised his head, and, starting from his seat, ran down the narrow stairs. Old John Joseph was hammering, and had heard nothing, but Antonio had caught the plash of the oars and the echo of Angelica's voice. The boat came up the steps, and particles of streaming moonlight seemed to glisten under Angel's feet as she came from the boat, carefully assisted by M. de Horn in his Hamlet-like garb.

Then the boat slid off once more with many gentle good-nights and cautions from the lady glistening and glittering in the shadowy seat.

"Tell your father I will hear of no denial, my sweet Angel," said the lady; "you must positively bring me his consent to-morrow. Good-night, my dearest creature." Then the count's "good-night, madam," in a deep voice that seemed to echo into the night. The oars dropped slowly into the water, and Antonio and Angelica stood for a moment silent and alone.

"What did she mean?" he asked, suspiciously.

Angelica's heart was very full. Cross as Antonio was at times, she trusted him sincerely. She seized his hand and cried, "Oh, Antonio, advise me; I know so little. You know these dear and noble people. Yes, they are good and generous, are they not? They will be true friends, will they not? You were not in earnest, were you, when you warned me against them? Tell me. Shall I go to England, Antonio? The ambassador will take me there with her — will establish me there, and introduce me to her friends. The people here love art. They praise me, they are good to me; but money is hard to win, and my father and I can hardly live by our talents. In England, so they tell me, I should earn enough for him, for myself, for all our wants. Look," and she opened her hand, and some gold glistened in the moonlight; "this is only a part of what I have earned this week. It is more than I received from the cardinal bishop himself. Antonio, you must come too. We will all go to England and grow rich, and then return to our beloved Italy and enjoy the fruits of our labour."

"You will never come back if you once go there," said Antonio, and he held her hand, in which the gold still lay shining, and with his long fingers folded hers over upon it. "Don't let me see it," he said, with some sudden spasm; "they have bought you. It is your life, and your soul, and your art that you are selling. You give up your friends, your tranquil life, to seek all this excitement, and vanity, and folly. Go, Angelica. You women are all alike; you cannot live without admiration, and lies, and flattery." He was trembling with emotion and his tone was full of reproach.

"Oh, Antonio!" said Angelica, with her gentle voice stopping his angry burst. She was so sweet and innocently trustful that night that he could not go on; it was only when she resented his scoldings that he had the courage to continue them.

There was a moment's silence between them; he still held her hand.

"You are right to distrust me," he said, suddenly letting it fall. "I am a bad adviser, Angelica. I am jealous of your success. Yes! I *am* jealous. I do wish you to stay here — obscure, unspoiled, unflattered; dressed not as you are now in that woman's silks and satins, but in your shabby gown, of which each darn is dear to me and honourable to you who wear it. I would keep you if I could," he said, with a harsh voice, that suddenly failed and broke. . . .

I do not think Angelica understood him in the least. "You talk so strangely," she answered; "but you will never make me believe that you are jealous of your poor little friend. If you had had all my advantages, all the teaching, and . . ."

Antonio began to laugh. "We shall never agree about art," he said. "Come, your father is expecting you; come and tell him your news."

Antonio's heart was very heavy as he followed Angelica across the moonlight terrace. "Oh, Antonio, what will my father say?" she exclaimed, falteringly. Antonio knew only too well what had been in old Kauffmann's mind all along. Angelica feared to tell him and shrank from the thought of parting, but John Joseph had hoped from the first that some such scheme might be suggested. What was the pain of temporary parting, compared to such a prospect for his daughter? The old man gave his ready consent. Angelica was to travel to England in the ambassador's train, in comfort, honour, and doubtless without expense. It would be folly to refuse so good an offer.

"Yes, father," said Angelica cheerfully, but great bitter tears were gathering in her eyes, and they glittered in the moonlight.

It was the last day of her stay at Venice, and Antonio had brought a boat to row them once more out towards the Lido. It was not a gondola, but a common rowing-boat, belonging to a fisherman, a friend of his. They were very sad, but very happy somehow.

The boat travelled slowly. Old Kauffmann and his daughter sat side by side on the low seat; she had clasped his arm with her hand.

"Papa, you will come — you will not delay?" she said.

"No, child, I will not delay," he answered; but in his heart the wily old painter thought that Angelica, living under the care of those grand signori, would meet with more consideration and esteem than in his modest home. He would not hurry—he would take his time. His business called him to Coire, to Morbegno. It was for her good, and he did not shrink from the sacrifice; but it was hard to make. He felt that he was a man who did not shrink from pain when it was for her benefit, and he sighed.

"Father, why do you sigh?" said Angelica; "you have some plan that you keep from me—some wicked scheme; confess,"—and the reproachful blue eyes looked into his.

"No, my child," said John Joseph, very gently. "Antonio will tell you that I have no hidden scheme. He is coming when I come. We have quite settled to travel together,"—and he patted her hand.

"Yes, I am coming," said Antonio from his oars.

Sometimes water and sky and light and soul meet in one happy climax. So it seemed to these people that lovely autumn evening. The convent stands upon an island, and they reach it as the sun is setting crimson over the hills of Istria; wide stretches the lagoon, wide stretches the evening; the great flame-like lines of the two horizons meet in some new and wondrous glory. Antonio rowed on steadily, the island comes into sight, and the convent cupola, and they float up by the old crimson wall, over which some dark heads are watching for the boat, and some great red pomegranate flowers are hanging in clusters.

The sunset is crimson too, and so are the waters which toss them along the steps, where an Armenian monk is standing in his straight-cut dress. As Antonio rowed up another boat flashed past with its gay hangings and rowers, a voice cried out a gay "Good-night!"

The ambassadress, her little daughter, Lady Diana, and De Horn were all sitting under the awning; De Horn bowed low; Angelica blushed, and waved her hand in answer to their greetings.

"Do you wish to go back with them?" said Antonio, frowning. "You are ashamed of my fish-boat."

"Antonio, you are absurd," said Angelica, justly provoked. "I want to stay with my father this last evening."

It was a strange place they had come to in the midst of this great shining plain of sea—this convent standing in the garden. The evening light had begun to shine upon the walls and the cupola and its golden cross. Everything here seemed splendid and ascetic somehow—crimson, and silent. The pupils in their little olive gowns stood about the walls watching the sunset; the great red flowers growing along the avenues, balsams and oleander-trees, and pomegranates seemed gulping in the light as it flowed triumphant across the answering floods. The monks came out, reserved, dark-robed, quietly contained, and waited upon the terrace. Nature flashed sumptuous and impulsive, while these human beings stood watching in silence.

The prior of the convent advanced slowly, followed by a brother. He wore a streaming purple stole over his black robe and passed on. The brother who had admitted the little party greeted Antonio as an old acquaintance, and told him his designs were being executed to the general satisfaction of the community. Then he looked at Angelica with his peaceful face, neither sunset nor sunrise reflections were in it, but a tranquil evening calm.

"See how the west is shining through the avenue," he said. "I have seen many beautiful sunsets here these twenty years," and he raised his hand and pointed down a cypress-walk. The dark branches seemed to smite the vast serenity overhead.

As the monk spoke in his quiet voice, Angelica looked at him curiously with her blue eyes. They had come out upon one of the shady terraces. She was standing by a great tree that cast some faint aromatic incense from its many blossoms; her hair was shining, her white gown glowed with prismatic colours.

The brother stopped for a minute, resting his arms on the wall.

"I do not envy your Venice," he said reflectively. "It is too much in the world; too full of life, noise, and distraction."

Angelica looked at him, wondering and sympathetic. "I think I understand your feeling," she said, "and yet —" She did not finish the sentence. Her eyes must have finished her thought, for the brother walked on a little way. Antonio answered the look.

"It would not suit you to stay here,

Angelica," he said. "You could not bear to spend your life peacefully, watching the changes from the terrace."

"Would it suit me? Antonio, we are not all made alike;" and she looked hard at him, trying to be clear, to explain her meaning.

Then she suddenly remembered how the day was burning up, the last day of her old familiar life. Some sudden terror overwhelmed her. She looked at her old father, and could have cried, but that would have distressed him, and she only smiled as she turned to him.

"Just now, at this minute," she said, "I feel as if I should like to wait and wait, to put off to-morrow, oh! for so long a time; but if I lived here always, one day I think something would come down like a cloud and hide all the glory, and a voice in my heart would cry out with reproach, 'Angelica, for shame! go forth! why have you missed your vocation?' I must take courage," she said, with a sigh, and she walked away from them for a little way. Old John Joseph looked over the wall into the water. Antonio could hear his low sobs; but it was Angelica he followed after a moment's hesitation.

"Dear Angelica, don't be unhappy," he said, kindly; "you are quite right; you have decided wisely. You must forgive me for having troubled you. It was but prejudice and jealousy of those fine people — unworthy of me and of you. I daresay they are better than I think them. Trust me," he said, and his thin face gathered some colour, and his pale looks flashed into earnestness. "I will take care of your father; and when I am with him you know that he has a son."

"I do know it, Antonio," said Angelica, gratefully; and she put her hand into his.

They rowed home very quietly, watching a sumptuous panther-like cloud now floating across the sun. Nobody spoke. The ripples and gleams of the lagoon grew wider and more serene, reaching from the present into the coming night. . . .

The gods seemed to be there invisible. Ariadne herself seemed translated into the moment, and her crown of pale stars began to shine overhead.

Before they reached home, a great red moon, splendid and sorrowful, the last glory of that long day, mounted quietly from beyond the islands.

Afterwards, in later days, Angelica

used to look back to these old times with a strange half-mournful longing.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARCADIA.

KAUFFMANN felt that his grief at parting from his daughter was to be expressed by no vulgar leave-taking, but by a solemn farewell on the Piazza. With all the company looking on he was glad to be able to bless Angelica, and to burst into tears under the very eyes of the ambassador, and amid all the bustle and audience which belonged to the state of the great English nobleman — gondolas arriving at the starting-point, couriers, porters staggering with heavy luggage, in which my lady's beautiful clothes were packed; my lord himself swearing, if the truth must be confessed, and stamping about in a pair of huge boots; Lady Diana standing a little apart, with a book in her hand, while her maid and her manservant scolded and superintended the packing of her carriage. The children were come, and stood in a shy cluster by their governess, with travelling-hoods tied under their chubby faces.

Every one and everything was ready for the start except old Kauffmann, who had not yet taken leave, and her ladyship, who was late. She had sent word that the first carriageful should start without her, but this my lord would not hear of.

Angelica's heart was heavy enough now that the moment of parting was come. She made the best of it, however, knowing her father's susceptibility. "We shall see Verona, father, and Genoa and the south of France; and we shall stop at Paris," she said, wistfully looking at the loved haggard face. "We will go there together coming back; and tell Antonio he is to come too. Where is Antonio?"

"Here he is," said Zucchi, stepping forward from behind.

"Ah, my child, at your age you may well have hope," said John Joseph, shaking his head; "but at mine, who shall say what a day may bring forth?"

Angelica turned very pale. "Oh, father, why should you talk so sadly? Heaven has been so good to us always," she faltered. "Together or apart, dearest dear, it is the same Providence that will keep us that has given to me my kind father, and to you your little Angelica, who loves you so." She clung to his arm as she spoke. At that moment the ambas-

sadress at last arrived in her gondola, stately and collected, chiefly concerned for the comfort of a small dog she carried under her arm. Everybody uncovered, and made way for the great lady.

"Here is my faithful muse!" she said, and gaily greeted Angelica, with a very unconcerned nod to old Kauffmann, who immediately stepped up to her with tearful eyes and clasped hands, and would have gladly made a long and moving speech if he had had opportunity. Lady W. seemed much too absorbed to listen. There was no time to lose. The ambassador laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, and said, very kindly, "My lady will have good care of your daughter, M. Kauffmann. Don't be disturbed about her." And then, as the old fellow broke into hysterical grief, he added, somewhat perplexed, "You know, if you repent your consent, it is not too late for you to keep her even now." But terrible as parting was, *not* to part would have been a still greater misfortune, and old Kauffmann, much alarmed, was silent immediately, and tried to gulp his tears. Antonio felt very angry with him, but forgave him for Angelica's sake.

"Good-bye, Angel," he said, cheerfully; "I like your ambassador; he has a good heart—and don't fear for the old father."

"Will you give him some Marsala wine for his dinner?" said Angel, with quivering lips.

Then somebody signed to her to get into a carriage. It was Lady Diana's; two more maids, and the younger little girl had already scrambled in. The outriders spurred their horses, the footmen sprang on to the steps, and the whole procession started off along the road to Verona. Angelica eagerly stretched from the window, and followed her father with her eyes, as Antonio led him away; then she fell back into her corner.

Lady Diana leaned out to get one last view of the wonderful city. As she did so she caught sight of a man's pale face, looking after them, half-concealed by an archway. It was Count de Horn. Lady Diana shot a suspicious glance at Angel, who was quietly rubbing away her tears with her handkerchief. For nearly a mile they neither of them spoke. Little Charlotte whispered to her nurse. The wheels rolled on; the tassels and handles jingled and jogged. They were driving along a flat plain bounded by delicate hills. Nobody looked at them, and for a long way Angelica went on crying; but

as there are rainbows in the air, so there are rainbows often shining after tears. Angelica cheered up in a little while, and tried to talk to her companion.

Lady Diana was, however, absorbed in her book, which had just come out, called "The Vicar of Wakefield."

People sometimes live together for years apart in peaceful misunderstanding. It is those who are on the borderlands of feeling who generally disagree.

Angelica and Lady Diana had enough of sympathy to dislike one another cordially. Lady Diana was not happy with her cousin's wife, and the mere fact of that lady's sudden infatuation for the young painter had set the poor woman against Angelica. Lady W. not unfrequently took these passing fancies; she had had one once for Diana herself, but that was when she first married, ten years before, when Diana was a girl of seventeen. They neither of them could bestow what the other wanted. Judith wanted admiration, not love; poor Diana wanted love. There was nothing in her to be admired, she sometimes thought, with a sigh; but there *was* something to be loved, she used to feel in her heart, although little by little even that something seemed drying up and turning to strange bitterness and pain. She had loved her cousin dearly. She had given her heart to the children, and now Judith in a hundred ways seemed to be trying to alienate him and them from her. Diana had always been brought up with her cousin. She was tenderly attached to him, had been used to him all her life, and she might have lived on happily, trusting in his friendship, if Lady W. would have allowed her to do so. She was not an unreasonable woman, and very little would have made her happy. Lady W. wanted her to marry Count de Horn—anybody who happened to strike her own fancy; but Lady Diana also had her ideas, and was not to be reasoned out of them. How it all happened that she married her life I do not know. Perhaps her *brusquerie* frightened people. Her standard was certainly a high one, and you always somehow felt that she was carrying the scales to weigh you in.

Miss Angel looked at her as she sat engrossed in her marble-covered book. She saw a stout, pale-faced person, very much over-dressed (Lady Diana left her clothes to her maid, who was fond of bright colours). She was plain, uninteresting, dull, looking older than she really

was, and speaking less kindly than she really felt. One thing only seemed to draw Angelica to her—a curious, indescribable sense of truthfulness of nature and reliability that was like Antonio. Angelica felt thankful at that moment to remember that he was with her father.

Antonio was always as good as his word; he kept with old Kauffmann all that day, and only left him cheered and sitting in the starlight at his favourite wine-stall, with old Pintucci as a companion. Then Antonio went away; he had work to do, and some heaviness of heart to shake off, and he longed to get away and be alone.

The next day a little scrap of pencilled paper came back by one of the returning couriers. It was hastily scrawled over with more good-byes and messages for Antonio. He read them with a half-sarcastic smile. "She wants me to take care of her father; that is what she means," he thought; and yet, though he doubted, the little messages were a comfort to him—she was kinder absent, on paper, than present and in words.

But Antonio was morbid where Miss Angel was concerned. He used to contrast her fate and his; he was only some seven years older in years, but how many in feeling, in experience—a long illness and shattered nerves had stood him ten years' experience. His hair at thirty was as grey as old Kauffmann's; his hand trembled at times like an old man's, and his temper was crabbed and uncontrolled; he had no part in life but that of a convenient friend, taken up, put down, made use of. It made him furious at times to think of it. Poor Antonio would have gladly been young, handsome, rich, splendid, for her sake; but that was not possible.

It was, however, possible to love her—possible: it was impossible not to do so. With all her faults, her childish inconsiderateness, her curious hallucinations about herself, and her absurd vanity (which, after all, was not to be wondered at), Antonio felt he could not but love her. He was much the prouder of the two, much the more revengeful, much the more self-conscious, if the truth were known. It does not follow because a person is not handsome, or particularly prosperous, or successful in his affairs, that he is to experience every self-denying virtue. Antonio's intellect was in many respects far in advance of his powers, and of Angelica and of the people she lived among: he was constantly chafed

by a position which certainly was not equivalent to his abilities. He did not care for money for himself, but he liked to be able to help others, and his want of means was a bitter thorn in the side of a generous and yet orderly man. Although in his heart he felt that no one else in all the world could love her as he would have done, yet there were times when he gladly would have forgotten her if he could. Why was he to waste his good affections upon this careless and light-hearted girl? What had she done to deserve a good man's heart, or an indifferent man's heart, for the matter of that? You need not be specially good to suffer. "People were what they happened to be," thought Antonio. He had no intention of succumbing to fate; he had plenty of courage, and meant to make the very best he could of his powers, such as they were; and if he rated himself highly, it was because he was a sensible man, and knew what was in him. A livelihood was to be made, and he had determined some time before that England was the place to make it in. He had English friends of his own. He had travelled with one of them, an architect, who promised him work in London in the winter. He should see Angelica then. Where had she travelled to, now, on her journey?

The lady of Antonio's dreams had ascended into realms undreamt-of by struggling mortals trying to earn their daily bread from day to day. It was a curious experience for the painter-maiden to find herself suddenly one of an important company, travelling with relays of horses, with servants in attendance, putting up in the best rooms of the inns along the road, talking and hearing talk of lords, and palaces, and mansions as if they were things of course. Here were splendid wax-lights burning on her dressing-tables, servants at her call, and orders to give almost for the first time in her simple life. She had lived with great people before. When she had been painting the cardinal at Como, he had asked her to breakfast. The bishop had invited her to see his pictures, but there had been no real intimacy as now. She might have felt shy but for the ambassador's charm of manner, and Angel was too simple and credulous not to trust her companions, whoever they might be, and to believe in all they told her.

The ambassador was invariably kind; the little girls were delightful. If only her father had been there, Angelica would have had nothing to wish for.

They crossed the sun-gilt and bountiful country where the lovely garlands were hanging from branch to branch. Pan sits in a field piping on his two reeds to the peasants. White oxen come up to listen. The vines are heavy with brown fruit, the shadowed chestnut-trees burst from the valley, those mild valleys castle-crowned and billowing to golden forelands. Some indescribable balm, and strength, and ease of heart seems to belong to all these lovely modulations of form and colour. The bridge spanning the stream leads to the town below, to red roofs, vine bowers, from whence the people are looking up. A far-away cottage-door opens wide, a woman comes out, and flings a handful of fruit to some children. . . .

The great carriages roll on, shaking and jolting, with the faces at the windows. The distant shadows and hills enclose the golden plains, delicately piled wreath upon wreath, now flying, now enclosing once again. Something seems to sing a *Laus Deo*: "Accept! accept! open your hearts; open wide your hearts!" is the hymn echoing along the way.

Lady Diana, who had let her book fall, looked round; no one had spoken, it was only her own soul that had cried out.

It was quite dark when they reached Verona, and came to a great busy courtyard, full of hospitality and confusion. Angel stepped away unnoticed, and went for a little way along a black and narrow street.

The apertures of the houses were lighted, curtains swung before the doors; the citizens were gossiping within after their day's work. The sky was black and starless, you could scarce distinguish it from the sloping roofs. Angel did not go far, she heard clocks striking in the darkness overhead. She heard the river rushing by the bridge. She felt that life had begun in earnest, and that this strange black veil of darkness hid a future of which she could form no conception as yet. But she would work to please her father, and to fulfil the mission that she felt was hers, and to earn money for them both. She might laugh as others did, and talk and seem to forget, but in her heart she did not forget that it was her aim to strive for beautiful and noble things, to teach others to look up at a high ideal. Antonio should see this was no idle fancy.

A sudden tipsy shout from one of the little drinking-houses frightened the

young prophetess, and she turned, and ran back as quickly as she could.

"How flushed you look, child," said Lady W., as Angelica came along the gallery where she was standing with her children.

Window after window was lighted in honour of the ambassador and his suite. Most of them opened on to the gallery, and Lady W. was waiting whilst her attendants packed and made ready.

"You must remember that you belong to us now; you must not run off alone," said she, gravely.

"Not go alone!" said Angelica; "I have been used to go alone all my life."

"You are a person of consequence now, child," said Lady W., smiling; "you must pay your penalty."

Next morning poor Angelica ventured no farther than the busy courtyard of the inn, although she longed to start off and see the place of which she had heard so much. She watched the people coming and going along the galleries; the oleander-trees in flaming rows. The great cathedral-bell was going. A storm was brewing, the white and grey clouds heaving from beyond the roofs. As she stood there she heard a tramping along the wooden gallery; the ambassador came up with his boots, leading little Judith by the hand. Perhaps he read Angelica's wishes in her eyes, for he asked her if she would accompany them in their morning's walk, and the girl gladly accepted. They went a little way through the streets, between the quaint crowded houses, across a wide piazza, towards a great arched gateway leading from the busy world outside into a silent cathedral. My lord passed in, first taking off his cocked hat, and little Judith tripped beside him. Miss Angel had seen many cathedrals; this one seemed to her to be an afterthought—an echo of those where she had so often knelt by her father's side.

Looking about, they passed on across the marble pavement into a little cloistered court that lay behind the nave. It led to the baptistery. In this little court were some tombs and slabs engraved with coats-of-arms and inscriptions. A priest was standing thoughtfully absorbed in deciphering one of these flat gravestones. He looked at Angelica as she passed. It was a kind and troubled face that attracted her strangely, and she looked down from his face to the inscription he had been gazing at.

IN PATIENCE POSSESS YE YOUR SOULS

was rudely carved on the marble slab.

"Patience!" cried Angelica, answering her own thought; "there are so many things better than patience."

The priest looked up surprised. "Yes, but when other things have failed," he said in a despairing sort of way, "then patience is still left to us."

"No, no!" cried little Miss Angel, impetuously; "hope for something must remain while there is life. Patience is only death, only despair."

Long after she remembered the little scene—the sad-faced priest, the solemn text, at a time when her own soul seemed failing for fear. But even then Angel was true to her creed. She might despair and die, or live and strive to hope for better things; but simple blind submission was a thought unbearable to her, and false to her own heart.

When Angel came back she was surprised to find that Lady W. did not seem to approve of her sight-seeing, although this time she had not again gone alone.

"If you had come to me, I should have taken you myself," said her patroness.

The journey proceeded in beauty and tranquillity. The weather frowned upon them as they neared the Mediterranean, with its long rolling breakers, its bordering groves and hills. The olives climb the steep acclivities, and from their smoky pyre rise white villages, like flames bursting from the summits. They stopped to change horses at a little place called Bordighiera, on the coast of the Mediterranean.

The sun had come out and the clouds had disappeared; a sort of dimmed brightness was everywhere. On the sea, on the village, in a little smiling grove beyond a wall, where a small gate swung upon its hinges. Miss Angel went up an avenue of lemon and olives, and breathed the sweet morning pastoral silence. Close at hand was an old ivy-grown well. She sat down, resting upon the margin. The pretty pensive figure itself was not unsuggestive, looking thoughtfully down into the water. Her heart beat with hope, with a sort of romantic delight and sweet absurdity. Some peasants passed; a woman carrying a load of leaves and tendrils of vines, and driving a beautiful white cow with long arched horns.

Then came the shepherd, followed by some goats trotting with tinkling bells, and, lastly, two little children, with goat-

skin coats; one had her hands full of unripe olives.

The youngest was carrying something held carefully against its little breast. The child looked up with two wild eyes at the pretty lady leaning against the old iron crank of the well. Something in her look invited his confidence, and he held up a little dead bird as he passed.

"What are you going to do with it?" Angel said, kindly.

"We are going to dig a grave," said the child. "It is dead!" and the little thing walked on with careful steps.

When Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann sent her picture to Maiden Lane, it was somewhat pompously entitled "Shepherd and Shepherdess in Arcadia, moralizing at the side of a Sepulchre, while others are dancing in the distance;" but it was some vague remembrance of that morning dream which first suggested it to her.

She is not the only dreamer to whom Arcadia has been revealed. Mightier dreams than hers have reached that mystic country.

"*Auch ich in Arkadien*," writes Goethe as a motto to his "Italian Journey." "*Et in Arcadia ego*," Sir Joshua has painted on a tomb, in the background of a smiling picture.

"What can this mean?" says Dr. Johnson, looking at it; "it seems very nonsensical. 'I am in Arcadia.'"

"The king could have told you," says the painter; "he saw it yesterday, and said at once, 'Ay, ay! Death is even in Arcadia!'"

After all, Arcadia would be a sorry, stagnant sort of place without its tombstones. There is so much in life which is death. The progress of life itself is a sort of death, of change, of absorption. There is death to evil as well as to good, death to pain, to progress, and to death itself; when with a sudden uplifting of heart in the fulness of time, faith and hope seem at last to overflow the barriers that divide us.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "ANNUAL REGISTER" FOR 1766.

To read of the times when Miss Angel came to take up her abode among us is like reading the description of a sort of stately ballet or court dance. Good manners had to be *performed* in those days with deliberate dignity. There is a great deal of saluting and snuff-taking, complimenting and exclaiming; people ad-

vanced and retreated bowing to the ground and balancing themselves on their high heels.

With all the dignity there is also a great deal of noise, shouting and chattering. There are runners with torches, splendid footmen in green and golden liveries surrounding my lady's chair.

The king of Denmark is entertained in splendid fashion. The Princess of Brunswick visits England. Cornelly lights up Soho Square with wax candles, while highwaymen hang in chains upon the gallows in distant dark country roads. Our young King George is a bridegroom lately crowned, with this powdered and lively kingdom to rule, and Charlotte Regina to help him.

There are great big coaches in the streets, and Mr. Reynolds' is remarked upon with all its fine panel; but Cecilia can still send for a chair when she wishes to be carried to Baker Street; Vauxhall is in its glory and lights up its bowers. Dr. Burney gives musical parties. The cards fly in circling packs; the powder-puffs rise in clouds; bubbles burst. The vast company journeys on its way. In and out of society golden idols are raised; some fall down and worship, others burst out laughing. Some lie resting in their tents, others are weeping in the desert. Pre-eminent among the throngs one mighty shade passes on its way. Is it a pillar of cloud sent to guide the straggling feet of the weary? From the gloom flash rays of light, of human sympathy not unspoken. How many of us still wandering impatient might follow that noble hypochondriac, nor be ashamed of our leader. He walks along, uncertain in his gait, striking alternate lamp-posts, an uncouth figure in soiled clothes, splendid-hearted, with generous help for more than one unhappy traveller lying wounded by the roadside. Do we not read how noble Johnson stoops and raises the prostrate form upon his shoulders, and staggers home to his own house? He has not even an ass to help him to bear the burthen.

The first time that Angelica saw him, she was in her dream of preoccupation and happiness and excitement: were the thieves about her even then? The second time she was alone and in sorrow, breaking her sad heart and despairing. Then came to her the shabby feet bringing good tidings, the deep and truthful voice speaking strange comfort, the kind hands raising her and giving the balm of hope renewed to her bruised soul.

Sir Joshua might assist a friend in sorrow, but he could not give comfort, for he did not realize as Johnson did the depths to which a human heart may sink,

Meanwhile Angelica laughs and holds her own. Her thieves, if thieves they are, are well-mannered ones: they pay her compliments, bring her tickets and flowers, invite her to dance and to sing and to all sorts of pleasant things, and ask to have their portraits taken along with their betters. How was she to know them from her real friends? How was she to believe those who warned her? Her very power over others blinded her to their faults, she could make people charming and kind by her own gaiety of heart and outgoing grace.

She had not seen very much of the worldly world as yet. Everything was new and full of interest. She watched all the figures go by, but she had no clue by which to form some judgment, and with one accord Angelica's complimentary contemporaries united to dazzle and to blind her. If you had heard the babble of the stream as it passed by Angel's not unwilling ears, the compliments, the half-truths, the exaggerations, you would have forgiven her for believing not all but too much of what she heard. Compliments were as much part of the manner of the time as the snuff and the powder-puffs.

Miss Burney's diary gives one a specimen of the good-natured exaggeration.

"The sweetest book!" cries Mrs. Thrale; "the most interesting! the most engaging! oh, it beats every other book!" "The most elegant novel I ever read in my life! such a style," says Lady Saye and Sele. Then Mr. Soame Jenyns breaks forth in a higher strain: "All creation is open to the authoress; no human being who ever began that book had power to put it down." Even Miss Burney in her usual modest confusion feels that this is almost beyond her deserts; and takes refuge with the old housekeeper who is coming to the door, and exclaims to her mistress, "Ah! madam, how happy are you to have Minerva in the house."

Angel was not Minerva only, but all the heathen divinities combined with all Christian graces, a sort of combination of muses and virtues, according to her admirers; of brilliant talents, of frivolity and heartless flirtation, according to her enemies. And Angelica herself? She never thought about herself, but gratefully accepted kindness, hoped, loved, believed, was happy, was miserable, with-

out much method, innocent and unresenting. Rossi describes Angelica at this time as not very tall of stature, but of slight well-proportioned figure; she had a dark clear complexion, a gracious mouth, white and equal teeth, well-marked features. Above all, he says, her azure eyes, so placid and so bright, charmed you with an expression it is impossible to write; unless you had known her you could not understand how eloquent were her looks.

"Il Ranolds" painted her, continues old Rossi, and Bartolozzi engraved the picture, and she painted herself many times. Sometimes she painted herself happy and brilliant, sometimes old and sad. There is one picture in the dress of her country, when the dimness of life and its troubles had passed over her path: it is all there, marked upon her face in sad and noble lines that detract from her beauty.

The house in Charles Street stood in a little park or garden, which had been deserted for many months; while the house was closed, and the inhabitants were basking in brighter horizons than that of Berkeley Square. Lady W. had given Angelica two little rooms on the ground-floor. The larger and darker was to serve as a bedroom; the second, with its glass doors and delicate inlaid chimney, was to be her working-place for the present. As soon as she had made her way in the London world, and had earned a little money to start with, she was to be established in a studio of her own; but here for the winter Angelica was well content to put up her canvases, and to begin work the very first morning after her arrival. She was not particular, and she could contentedly settle down in one corner or another. If this one had been a little larger it would have suited her perfectly. The garden itself was green and neatly kept. Lord W. had a turn for such arrangements. There was a sort of terrace walk that ran round the house, and led to the bench beneath the trees. They were shady enough, and flourishing, notwithstanding London smoke. Light mists and drifts from the square passed across the garden. Sometimes bright skies lit up overhead, with a different quiver, indeed, to that thrill of azure life Angel was used to, but they shone as English skies should shine, veiled only by rain-giving clouds and gentle practical mists.

"You must make yourself at home, child," said Lady W. kindly, as she took her into the room. "Call for what you want—Mrs. Betty will attend upon you. You can receive your sitters in this outer room. Your good fairy, you see, has planned it all. Do you think you shall be happy here?" she said, looking at her steadily.

"Yes, indeed!" said Angelica, taking her hand, and kissing it gratefully.

"I think you *are* a good creature," said Lady W., with a sort of suppressed sigh. "I know not why I should think so. I have been disappointed over and over again." So she went away, leaving her poor little *protégé* somewhat perplexed as to what mysterious fidelity was expected of her. I don't believe, to tell the truth, that Lady W. knew very well herself; but, as other people before her, she wished everybody to be and to do what she desired for them, and when they, naturally enough, went their own way, she considered herself deceived, and disappointed, and ill-treated by fate. She was not happy with all her possessions. Perhaps for great and small ladies too there is no less more difficult to learn than that of being contented and happy with the happiness and interests that happen to fall to each lot. We are willing to accept this event which does not belong to our history, that friend who does not need our regard—the interest or occupation which is the share of somebody else; but our own talents, it must be confessed, we often gladly put away in their napkins. Lady W. was a mysterious woman. She was good-natured, self-absorbed, wanting she knew not what. She took to people with great fervour for a time, then perhaps her expectations grew unreasonable, and her best and kindest nature being wounded, her selfish and colder feelings came to add to the confusion. It is certainly trying to live with this race of self-made demigods and goddesses.

Angelica found, however, that Lady W. meant to leave her very free to lead her own life. Her breakfast was brought to her in her room. Until dinner, which was at three, she had her time absolutely to herself, and the sacrificial rites to vanity were only performed of an evening.

It is certain that a studio has a charm of its own which it is scarcely possible to account for, no matter how shabby, how bare it may be; there is the easel,

the pure light shining upon it; there is the painter reproducing your dream or his.

Angelica's little oval studio was a fit setting to her inspirations. Nymphs seemed to her waiting upon the terraces, heroes were crossing the paved hall or mounting the arched staircase outside that led to Lady W.'s receiving-rooms; and, besides these visionary interests, Angelica was not insensible to the pleasures of actual manipulation, to the friendly mesmerism of her brush travelling across the canvas, her colours lying on the palette, to the actual charm of her work, its tools, and practice.

Perhaps authors may have the same feeling when they sit down to a convenient table and find the faithful pen that has so patiently attended their flights and falls lying ready for use.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THINKING.

ENDLESS books have been written about the laws of thought, the nature of thought, and the validity of thought. Physiologists and metaphysicians have vied with one another to tell us in twenty different ways how we think, and why we think, and what good our thinking may be supposed to be as affording us any real acquaintance with things in general outside our thinking-machine. Thales affirmed that man was created on purpose to think (to know and to contemplate), and Descartes was only sure that he existed because he was tolerably satisfied that he thought (*Cogito, ergo sum*). One school of philosophers tells us that thought is a secretion of the brain (*i.e.* that thought is a form of matter), and another that it is purely immaterial, and the only reality in the universe—*i.e.* that matter is a form of thought. The meekest of men presume to think—this, that, and the other; and the proudest distinction of the modern sage is to be a "thinker," especially a "free" one. But with all this much ado about thought, it has not occurred to any one, so far as I am aware, to attempt a fair review of what any one of us thinks in the course of the twenty-four hours; what are the number of separable thoughts which on an average pass through a human brain in a day; and what may be their nature and proportions in the shape of recollections, reflections, hopes, contrivances, fancies, rea-

sonings, and so on. We are all aware that when we are awake a perpetual stream of thoughts goes on in "what we are pleased to call our minds," sometimes slow and sluggish, as the water in a ditch; sometimes bright, rapid, and sparkling, like a mountain-brook; and now and then making some sudden, happy dash, cataract-wise over an obstacle. We are also accustomed to speak as if the sum and substance of all this thinking were very respectable, as might become "beings endowed with the lofty faculty of thought;" and we always tacitly assume that our thoughts have logical beginnings, middles, and endings—commence with problems and terminate in solutions—or that we evolve out of our consciousness ingenious schemes of action, or elaborate pictures of hope or memory. If our books of mental philosophy ever obtain a place in the circulating libraries of the planet Mars, the "general reader" of that distant world will inevitably suppose that on our little Tellus dwell a thousand millions of men, women, and children, who spend their existence as the interlocutors in Plato's dialogue passed their hours, under the grip of the dread Socratic *elenchus*, arguing, sifting, balancing, recollecting, hard at work, as if under the ferule of a schoolmaster.

The real truth about the matter seems to be that, instead of taking this kind of mental exercise all day long, and every day, there are very few of us who ever do anything of the kind for more than a few minutes at a time, and that the great bulk of our thoughts proceed in quite a different way, and are occupied by altogether less exalted matters than our vanity has induced us to imagine. The normal mental locomotion of even well-educated men and women (save under the spur of exceptional stimulus) is neither the flight of an eagle in the sky, nor the trot of a horse upon the road, but may better be compared to the lounge of a truant school-boy in a shady lane, now dawdling pensively, now taking a hop-skip-and-jump, now stopping to pick blackberries, and now turning to right or left to catch a butterfly, climb a tree, or make dick-duck-and-drake on a pond; going nowhere in particular, and only once in a mile or so proceeding six steps in succession in an orderly and philosophical manner.

It is far beyond the ambition of the present writer to attempt to supply this large lacune in mental science, and to set forth the truth of the matter about the

actual thoughts which practically (not theoretically) are wont to pass through human brains. Some few observations on the subject, however, may perhaps be found entertaining, and ought certainly to serve to mitigate our self-exaltation on account of our grand mental endowments, by showing how rarely and under what curious variety of pressure we employ them.

The first familiar remark is, that every kind of thought is liable to be coloured and modified in all manner of ways by our physical condition and surroundings. We are not steam thinking-machines, working evenly at all times at the same rate, and turning out the same sort and quantity of work in the same given period, but rather more like windmills, subject to every breeze and whirling our sails at one time with great impetus and velocity, and at another standing still, becalmed and ineffective. Sometimes it is our outer conditions which affect us; sometimes it is our own inner wheels which are clogged and refuse to rotate; but, from whatever cause it arises, the modification of our thoughts is often so great as to make us arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions on the same subject and with the same *data* of thought, within an incredibly brief interval of time. When the president of the British Association, with truly manly candour, has frankly answered objections to his splendid inaugural address, by referring to the different aspects of the ultimate problems of theology in different "moods" of mind,—all lesser mortals may confess their own mental oscillations without painful humiliation, and even put forward some claim to consistency if the vibrating needle of their convictions do not swing quite round the whole compass, and point at two o'clock to the existence of a Deity and a life to come, and at six, to a nebula for the origin, and a "streak of morning cloud" for the consummation of things. Possibly also the unscientific mind may claim some praise on the score of modesty if it delay for the moment to instruct mankind in either its two-o'clock or its six-o'clock creed, and wait till it has settled down for some few hours, weeks, or months, to any one definite opinion. Be this as it may, however, the genuine honesty of the distinguished man of science in question has placed forever on record the enormous fluctuations to which a masterly intellect, specially trained in those sciences which are supposed to purge the mental eyes

from the distorting films of prejudice and sentiment, is yet subjected; and it may be safely taken for granted that if "moods" determine for the hour the whole theology of a philosopher, "moods" must also influence, for the mass of mankind, an indefinite share of their faith in all supersensual truths—as for example in the distinctions of right and wrong, and the love of friends, no less than in theological verities.

Not to dwell for the present on these serious topics, it is only necessary to carry with us through our future investigations, that every man's thoughts are continually fluctuating and vibrating, from inward as well as outward causes. Let us glance for a moment at some of these. First there are the well-known conditions of health and high animal spirits, in which every thought is rose-coloured; and corresponding conditions of disease and depression, in which everything we think of seems to pass, like a great bruise, through yellow, green, blue and purple to black. A liver-complaint causes the universe to be enshrouded in grey; and the gout covers it with an inky pall, and makes us think our best friends little better than fiends in disguise. Further, a whole treatise would be needed to expound how our thoughts are further distempered by food, beverages of various kinds, and narcotics of great variety. When our meals have been too long postponed, it would appear as if that evil personage who proverbially finds mischief for idle hands to do, were similarly engaged with an idle digestive apparatus, and the result is, that if there be the smallest and most remote cloud to be seen in the whole horizon of our thoughts, it sweeps up over us just in proportion as we grow hungrier and fainter, till at last it overwhelms us in depression and despair. "Why," we ask ourselves, "why has not A. written to us for so long? What will B. think of such and such a transaction? How is our pecuniary concern with C. to be settled? What is the meaning of that odd little twitch we have felt so often here or there about our persons?" The answer of our thoughts, prompted by the evil genius of famine, is always lugubrious in the extreme. "A. has not written because he is dead. B. will quarrel with us forever, because of that transaction. C. will never pay us our money, or we shall never be able to pay C. That twitch which we have so thoughtlessly disregarded is the premonitory symptom

of the most horrible of all human maladies, of which we shall die in agonies and leave a circle of sorrowing friends before the close of the ensuing year." Such are the *idées noires* which present themselves when we want our dinner — and the best-intentioned people in the world, forsooth! recommend us to summon them round us by fasting, as if they were a company of cherubim instead of imps of quite another character! But the scene undergoes a transformation bordering on the miraculous when we have eaten a slice of mutton and drank half a glass of sherry. If we revert now to our recent meditations, we are quite innocently astonished to think what could possibly have made us so anxious without any reasonable ground? Of course A. has not written to us, because he always goes grouse-shooting at this season. B. will never take the trouble to think about our little transaction. C. is certain to pay us, or we can readily raise money to pay him; and our twitch means nothing worse than a touch of rheumatics or an ill-fitting garment.

Beyond the alternations of fasting and feasting, still more amazing are the results of narcotics, alcoholic beverages, and of tea and coffee. Every species of wine exercises a perceptibly different influence of its own, from the cheery and social "sparkling grape of Eastern France" to the solemn black wine of Oporto, the fit accompaniment of the blandly dogmatic post-prandial prose of elderly gentlemen of orthodox sentiments. A cup of strong coffee clears the brain and makes the thoughts transparent, while one of green tea drives them fluttering like dead leaves before the wind. Time and learning would fail to describe the yet more marvellous effects of opium, hemlock, henbane, hashish, and last not least, the wonder-working beneficent chloral. Every one of these narcotics produces a different hue of the mental window through which we look out on the world; sometimes distorting all objects in the wildest manner (like opium), sometimes (like chloral) acting only perceptibly by removing the sense of disquiet and restoring our thoughts to the white light of common-sense cheerfulness; and again acting quite differently on the thoughts of different persons, and of the same persons at different times.

Only secondary to the effects of inwardly imbibed stimulants or narcotics are those of the outward atmosphere,

which in bracing weather makes our thoughts crisp like the frosted grass, and in heavy November causes them to drip chill and slow and dull, like the moisture from the mossy eaves of the moated grange. Burning, glaring southern sunshine dazes our minds as much as our eyes; and a London fog obfuscates them, so that a man might honestly plead that he could no more argue clearly in the fog, than the Irishman could spell correctly with a bad pen and muddy ink.

Nor are mouths, eyes, and lungs by any means the only organs through which influences arrive at our brain, modifying the thoughts which proceed from them. The sense of smelling, when gratified by the odours of woods, and gardens, and hay-fields, or even of delicately perfumed rooms, lifts all our thoughts into a region wherein the beautiful, the tender, and the sublime may impress us freely; while the same sense, offended by disgusting and noxious odours, as of coarse cookery, open sewers, or close chambers inhabited by vulgar people, thrusts us down into an opposite stratum of feeling, wherein poetry entereth not, and our very thoughts smell of garlic. Needless to add, that in a still more transcendent way music seizes on the thoughts of the musically-minded, and bears them off in its talons over sea and land, and up to Olympus like Ganymede. Two easily distinguishable mental influences seem to belong to music, according as it is heard by those who really appreciate it, or by others who are unable to do so. To the former it opens a book of poetry, which they follow word for word after the performer as if he read it to them; thinking the thoughts of the composer in succession with scarcely greater uncertainty or vagueness than if they were expressed in verbal language of a slightly mystical description. To the latter the book is closed; but, though the listener's own thoughts unroll themselves uninterrupted by the composer's ideas, they are very considerably coloured thereby. "I delight in music," said once a great man of science to the writer; "I am always able to think out my work better while it is going on!" As a matter of fact, he resumed at the moment a disquisition concerning the date of the glacial period at the precise point at which it had been interrupted by the performance of a symphony of Beethoven, having evidently mastered in the interval an intricate astronomical knot. To ordinary mortals with similar deficiency of musical sense, harmonious

sound seems to spread a halo like that of light, causing every subject of contemplation to seem glorified, as a landscape appears in a dewy sunrise. Memories rise to the mind and seem infinitely more affecting than at other times; still living affections grow doubly tender; new beauties appear in the picture or the landscape before our eyes, and passages of remembered prose or poetry float through our brains in majestic cadence. In a word, the sense of the beautiful, the tender, the sublime, is vividly aroused, and the atmosphere of familiarity and commonplace, wherewith the real beauty and sweetness of life is too often veiled, is lifted for the hour. As in a *camera-obscura*, or mirror, the very trees and grass which we had looked on a thousand times are seen to possess unexpected loveliness. But all this can only happen to the non-musical soul when the harmony to which it listens is really harmonious, and when it comes at an appropriate time, when the surrounding conditions permit and incline the man to surrender himself to its influences; in a word, when there is nothing else demanding his attention. The most barbarous of the practices of royalty and civic magnificence is that of employing music as an accompaniment to feasts; a confusion of the realms of the real and ideal, of one sense with another, as childish as that of the little girl who took out a peach to eat while bathing in the sea. Next to music during dinner-time comes music in the midst of a cheerful evening party, where, when every intellect present is strung up to the note of animated conversation and brilliant repartee, there is a sudden *douche* of solemn chords from the region of the piano-forte, and presently some well-meaning gentleman endeavours to lift up all the lazy people, who are lounging in easy-chairs after a good dinner, into the empyrean of emotion "sublime upon the seraph wings of ecstasy" of Beethoven or Mozart. Or some meek damsel, with plaintive note, calls on them, in Schubert's "*Addio*," to break their hearts at the memory or anticipation of those mortal sorrows which are either behind or before every one of us, and which it is either agony or profanation to think of at such a moment. All this is assuredly intensely barbarous. The same people who like to mix up the ideal pleasure of music with incongruous enjoyments of another kind would be guilty of giving a kiss with their mouths full of bread and cheese. As to what we may term extra-

mural music, the hideous noises made by the aid of vile machinery in the street, it is hard to find words of condemnation strong enough for it. Probably the organ-grinders of London have done more in the last twenty years to detract from the quality and quantity of the highest kind of mental work done by the nation than any two or three colleges of Oxford or Cambridge have effected to increase it. One mathematician alone (as he informed the writer) estimated the cost of the increased mental labour they had imposed upon him and his clerks at several thousand pounds' worth of first-class work, for which the state practically paid in the added length of time needed for his calculations. Not much better are those church-bells which now sound a trumpet before the good people who attend "matins" and other daily services at hours when their profane neighbours are wearily sleeping, or anxiously labouring at their appointed tasks.

Next to our bodily sensations come in order of influence on our thoughts the places in which we happen to do our thinking. Meditating like the pious Hervey "Among the Tombs" is one thing; doing the same on a breezy mountain-side among the gorse and the heather, quite another. Jostling our way in a crowded street, or roaming in a solitary wood; rattling in an English express-train, or floating by moonlight in a Venetian gondola or an Egyptian *dahabieh*, though each and all favourable conditions for thinking, create, undoubtedly, distinct classes of lucubrations. If we now endeavour to define what are the surroundings amongst which thought is best sustained and most vigorous, we shall probably find good reason to reverse not a few of our accepted and familiar judgments. The common idea, for example, that we ponder very profoundly by the seashore is, I am persuaded, a baseless delusion. We *think* indeed that we are thinking, but for the most part our minds merely lie open, like so many oysters, to the incoming waves, and with scarcely greater intellectual activity. The very charm of the great deep seems to lie in the fact that it reduces us to a state of mental emptiness and vacuity, while our vanity is soothed by the notion that we are thinking with unwonted emphasis and perseverance. Amphitrite, the enchantress, mesmerizes us with the monotonous passes of her billowy hands, and lulls us into a slumberous hypnotism, wherein we meekly do

her bidding, and fix our eyes and thoughts, like biologized men, on the rising and falling of every wave. If it be tempestuous weather, we watch open-mouthed till the beautiful white crests topple over and dash in storm and thunder up the beach; and if it be a summer-evening's calm, we note with placid, never-ending contentment how the wavelets, like little children, run up softly and swiftly on the golden strand to deposit their gifts of shells and seaweed, and then retreat, shy and ashamed of their boldness, to hide themselves once again under the flowing skirts of mother ocean.

Again, divines and poets have united to bolster up our convictions that we do a great deal of important thinking at night when we lie awake in bed. Every preacher points to the hours of the "silent midnight," when his warnings will surely come home, and sit like incubi on the breast of sinners who, too often perhaps, have dozed in the daytime as they flew, bat-wise, over their heads from the pulpit. Shelley in "Queen Mab" affords us a terrible night-scene of a king who, after his dinner of "silence, grandeur, and excess," finds sleep abdicate his pillow (probably in favour of indigestion), and Tennyson in "Locksley Hall" threatens torments of memory still keener to the "shallow-hearted cousin Amy" whenever she may happen to lie meditating —

In the dead, unhappy night, and the rain is on the roof.

Certainly if there be any time in the twenty-four hours when we might carry on consecutive chains of thought, it would be when we lie still for hours undisturbed by sight or sound, having nothing to do, and with our bodies so far comfortable and quiescent as to give the minimum of interruption to our mental proceedings. Far be it from me to deny that under such favourable auspices some people may think to good purpose. But if I do not greatly err, they form the exception rather than the rule among bad sleepers. As the Psalmist of old remarked, it is generally "mischief" which a man — wicked or otherwise — "devises upon his bed;" and the truth of the observation in our day is proved from the harsh ukases for domestic government which are commonly promulgated by *paterfamilias* at the breakfast-table, and by the sullenness of *parti pris* which testifies that the sleepless brother, sister, or maiden aunt has made up his

or her mind during the night to "have it out" with so-and-so next morning. People are a little faint and feverish when they lie awake, and nothing occurs to divert their minds and restore them to equanimity, and so they go on chewing the bitter cud of any little grudge. Thus it comes to pass that while anger causes sleeplessness, sleeplessness is a frequent nurse of anger.

Finally, among popular delusions concerning propitious conditions of thoughts, must be reckoned the belief (which has driven hermits and philosophers crazy) that thinking is better done in abnormal isolation than in the natural social state of man. Of course there is benefit quite incalculable in the reservation of some portion of our days for solitude. How much excuse is to be made for the shortcomings, the ill-temper, the irreligion of those poor people who are scarcely alone for half an hour between the cradle and the grave, God alone can tell. But with such reasonable reservation of our hours, and the occasional precious enjoyment of lonely country walks or rides, the benefits of solitude, even on Zimmermann's theory, come nearly to an end, and there is little doubt that instead of thinking more the more hours of loneliness we devote to doing it, the less we shall really think at all, or even retain capacity for thinking, and not degenerate into cabbages. Our minds need the stimulus of other minds, as our lungs need oxygen to perform their functions. After all, if we analyze the exquisite pleasure afforded us by brilliant and suggestive conversation, one of its largest elements will be found to be that it has quickened our thoughts from a heavy amble into a gallop. A really fine talk between half-a-dozen well-matched and thoroughly cultivated people, who discuss an interesting subject with the manifold wealth of allusions, arguments, and illustrations, is a sort of mental Oaks or Derby day, wherein our brains are excited to their utmost speed, and we get over more ground than in weeks of solitary mooning meditation. It is superfluous to add that if our constitutional mental tendency be that of the gentleman who naïvely expressed his feelings by saying impressively to a friend, "I take *great* interest in my own concerns, I *assure* you I do," it seems doubly desirable that we should overstep our petty ring-fence of personal hopes, fears, and emotions of all kinds, and roam with our neighbours over their dominions, and into further outlying

regions of public and universal interest. Of all ingenious prescriptions for making a miserable moral hypochondriac, it is difficult to imagine a better than the orthodox plan of the "*Selig-gemachende Kirche*" for making a saint. Take your man, or woman, with a morbidly tender conscience and a pernicious habit of self-introspection. If he or she have an agonizing memory of wrong, sin or sorrow overshadowing their whole lives, so much the better. Then shut the individual up in a cell like a toad in a stone, to feed on his or her own thoughts, till death or madness puts an end to the experiment.

But if the seaside and solitude, and the midnight couch have been much overrated as propitious conditions of thought, there are, *per contra*, certain other conditions of it whose value has been too much ignored. The principle or law of the matter seems to be that real hard thought, like happiness, rarely comes when we have made elaborate preparation for it; and that, further, the higher part of the mind which is exercised in it works much more freely when a certain lower part (concerned with "unconscious cerebration") is busy about some little affairs of its own department, and its restless activity is thus disposed of. Not one man in fifty does his best thinking quite motionless, but instinctively employs his limbs in some way when his brain is in full swing of argument and reflection. Even a trifling fidget of the hands with a paper-knife, a flower, a piece of twine, or the bread we crumble beside our plate at dinner, supplies in a degree this *desideratum*, and the majority of people never carry on an animated conversation involving rapid thought without indulging in some such habit. But the more complete enjoyment of our unconscious cerebration, in walking up and down a level terrace or quarter-deck, where there are no passing objects to distract our attention, and no need to mark where we plant our feet, seems to provide even better for smooth-flowing thought; and the perfection of such conditions is attained when the walk in question is taken of a still, soft November evening, when the light has faded so far as to blur the surrounding withered trees and flowers, but the gentle gray sky yet affords enough vision to prevent embarrassment. There are a few such hours in every year which appear absolutely invaluable for calm reflection, and which are grievously wasted by those

who hurry in-doors at dusk to light candles and sit round a yet unneeded fire.

There is also another specially favourable opportunity for abstruse meditation, which I trust we may be pardoned for venturing to name. It is the grand occasion afforded by the laudable custom of patiently listening to dull speakers or readers in the lecture-room or the pulpit. A moment's reflection will surely enable the reader to corroborate the remark that we seldom think out the subject of a new book or article, or elaborate a political or philanthropic scheme, a family compact, or the *menu* of a large dinner with so much precision and lucidity as when gazing with vacant respectfulness at a gentleman expatiating with elaborate stupidity on theology or science. The voice of the charmer as it rises and falls is almost as soothing as the sound of the waves on the shore, but not quite equally absorbing to the attention, and the repose of all around gently inclines the languid mind to alight like the butterfly on any little flower it may find in the arid waste, and suck it to the bottom. This beneficent result of sermon and lecture-hearing is, however, sometimes deplorably marred by the stuffiness of the room, the hardness and shallowness of the seats (as in that place of severe mortification of the flesh, the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street), and lastly by the unpardonable habit of many orators of lifting their voices in an animated way, as if they really had something to say, and then solemnly announcing a platitude—a process which acts on the nerves of a listener as it must act on those of a flounder to be carried up into the air half-a-dozen times in the bill of a heron and then dropped flat on the mud. Under trials like these, the tormented thoughts of the sufferer, seeking rest and finding none, are apt to assume quite unaccountable and morbid shapes, and indulge in freaks of an irrational kind, as in a dream. The present writer and a considerable number of sober-minded acquaintances have, for example, all felt themselves impelled at such hours, to perform aerial flights of fancy about the church or lecture-room in the character of stray robins or bats. "Here," they think gravely (quite unconscious for the moment of the absurdity of their reflection)—"here, on this edge of a monument, I might stand and take flight to that cornice an inch wide, whence I might run along to the top of that pillar; and from thence, by merely touching the bald tip of the

preacher's head, I might alight on the back of that plump little angel on the tomb opposite, while a final spring would take me through the open pane of window, and perch me on the yew-tree outside." The whole may perhaps be reckoned a spontaneous mythical self-representation of the Psalmist's cry: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest."

Another kind of meditation under the same aggravated affliction is afforded by making fantastic pictures out of the stains of damp and tracks of snails on the wall, which often (in village churches especially) supply the young with a permanent subject of contemplation in "the doctor with his boots," the "old lady and her cap," and the huge face which would be quite perfect if the spectator might only draw an eye where one is missing, as in the fresco of Dante in the Bargello. Occasionally the sunshine kindly comes in and makes a little lively entertainment on his own account by throwing the shadow of the preacher's head ten feet long on the wall behind him, causing the action of his jaws to resemble the vast gape of a crocodile. All these, however, ought perhaps to be counted as things of the past; or, at least, as very "Rural Recreations of a Country Parishioner," as A. K. H. B. might describe them. It is not objects to distract and divert the attention which anybody can complain of wanting in the larger number of modern churches in London.

But if our thoughts are wont to wander off into fantastic dreams when we are bored, they have likewise a most unfortunate propensity to swerve into by-ways of triviality no less misplaced when, on the contrary, we are interested to excess, and our attention has been fixed beyond the point wherein the tension can be sustained.

Every one has recognized the truth of Dickens' description of Fagin, on his trial, thinking of the pattern of the carpet; and few of us can recall hours of anguish and anxiety without carrying along with their tragic memories certain objects on which the eye fastened with inexplicable tenacity. In lesser cases, and when we have been listening to an intensely interesting political speech, or to a profoundly thoughtful sermon (for even *habitans in sicco* may sometimes meet such cases), the mind seems to "shy" suddenly, like a restive horse, from the whole topic under considera-

tion, and we find ourselves, intellectually speaking, landed in a ditch.

Another singular phenomenon under such circumstances is, that on returning, perhaps after the interval of years, to a spot wherein such excessive mental tension has been experienced, some of us are suddenly vividly impressed with the idea that we have been sitting there during all the intervening time, gazing fixedly on the same pillars and cornices, the same trees projected against the evening sky, or whatever other objects happen to be before our eyes. It would appear that the impression of such objects made on the retina, while the mind was wholly and vehemently absorbed in other things, must be somehow photographed on the brain in a different way from the ordinary pictures to which we have given their fair share of notice as they passed before us, and that we are dimly aware they have been taken so long. The sight of them once again bringing out this abnormal consciousness is intensely painful, as if the real self had been chained for years to the spot, and only a phantom "I" had ever gone away and lived a natural human existence elsewhere.

Passing, now, from the external conditions of our thinking, if we attempt to classify the thoughts themselves, we shall arrive, I fear, at the painful discovery that the majority of us think most about the least things, and least about the greatest; and that, in short, the mass of our lucubrations is in the inverse ratio of their value. For example, a share of our thoughts, quite astonishing in quantity, is occupied by petty and trivial arrangements. Rich or poor, it is an immense amount of thought which all (save the most care-engrossed statesmen or absorbed philosophers) give to these wretched little concerns. The wealthy gentleman thinks of how, and where, and when he will send his servants and horses here and there, of what company he shall entertain, of the clearing of his woods, the preservation of his game, and twenty matters of similar import; while his wife is pondering equally profoundly on the furniture and ornaments of her rooms, the patterns of her flower-beds or her worsted-work, the *menu* of her dinner, and the frocks of her little girls. Poor people need to think much more anxiously of the perpetual problem, "How to make both ends meet," by pinching in this direction and earning something in that, and by all the thousand shifts and

devices by which life can be carried on at the smallest possible expenditure. One of the very worst evils of limited means consists in the amount of thinking about sordid little economies, which becomes imperative when every meal, every toilet, and every attempt at locomotion is a battlefield of ingenuity and self-denial against ever impending debt and difficulty. Among men, the evil is most commonly combated by energetic efforts to *earn*, rather than to *save*; but among women, to whom so few fields of honest industry are open, the necessity for a perpetual guard against the smallest freedom of expense falls with all its cruel and soul-crushing weight, and on the faces of thousands of them may be read the sad story of youthful enthusiasm all nipped by pitiful cares, anxieties, and meannesses — perhaps the most foreign of all sentiments to their naturally liberal and generous hearts.

Next to actual arrangements which have some practical use, however small, an inordinate quantity of thought is wasted by most of us on wholly unreal plans and hypotheses which the thinker never even supposes to bear any relation with the living world. Such are the endless moony speculations, "*If* such a thing had not happened" which did happen, or, "*If* so-and-so had gone hither," instead of thither, or, "*If* I had only said or done" what I did not say or do, "there would have followed" — heaven knows what. Sometimes we pursue out such endless and aimless guessings with a companion, and then we generally stop short pretty soon with a vivid sense of the absurdity of our behaviour; unless in such a case as that of the celebrated old childless couple looking back over their fireside on forty years of unbroken union, proceeding to speculate on what they should have done *if* they had had children; and finally quarrelling and separating forever on a divergence of opinion respecting the best profession for their (imaginary) second son. But when alone, we go on weaving interminable cobwebs out of such gossamer threads of thought, like poor Perrette with her pot of milk — a tale whose ubiquity among all branches of the Aryan race sufficiently proves the universality of the practice of building *châteaux en Espagne*.

Of course, with every one who has a profession or business of any kind, a vast quantity of thought is expended necessarily upon its details, insomuch that to prevent themselves, when in company,

from "talking shop" is somewhat difficult. The tradesman, medical man, lawyer, soldier, landholder, have each plenty to think of in his own way; and in the case of any originality — of work such as belongs to the higher class of literature and art — the necessity for arduous and sustained thought in composition is so great that (on the testimony of a great many wives) I have come to the conclusion that a fine statue, picture, or book is rarely planned without at least a week of domestic irritation and discomfort, and the summary infliction of little-deserved chastisement on the junior branches of the distinguished author or artist's family.

Mechanical contrivances obviously give immense occupation to those singular persons who can love machines, and do not regard them (as the writer must confess is her case) with mingled mistrust, suspicion and abhorrence — small models, in short, of the universe on the atheistic projection. Again for the discovery of any chemical *desideratum*, ceaseless industry and years of thought are expended; and a Palissy deems a quarter of a lifetime properly given to pondering upon the best glaze for crockery. Only by such sacrifices, indeed, have both the fine and the industrial arts attained success; and happy must the man be counted whose millions of thoughts expended on such topics have at the end attained any practical conclusion to be added to the store of human knowledge. Not so (albeit the thoughts are much after the same working character) are the endless meditations of the idle on things wholly personal and ephemeral; such as the inordinate care about the details of furniture and equipage now prevalent among the rich in England; and the lavish waste of feminine minds on double acrostics, embroidery, crochet, and above all — dress. A young lady once informed me that after having for some hours retired to repose, her sister, who slept in the same room, had disturbed her in the middle of the night: "Eugénie, waken up! I have thoughts of a trimming for our new gowns!" Till larger and nobler interests are opened to women, I fear there must be a good many whose "dream by night and thought by day" is of trimmings. When we have deducted all these silly and trivial and useless thoughts from the sum of human thinking — and evil and malicious thoughts, still worse by far — what small residuum of room is there, alas, for anything like real serious reflec-

tion! How seldom do the larger topics presented by history, science, or philosophy engage us! How yet more rarely do we face the great questions of the whence, the why, and the whither, of all this hurrying life of ours, pouring out its tiny sands so rapidly in the hourglass! To some, indeed, a noble philanthropic purpose or profound religious faith gives not only consistency and meaning to life, but supplies a background to all thoughts—an object high above them to which the mental eye turns at every moment. But this is, alas! the exception far more than the rule; and where there is no absorbing human affection, it is on trifles light as air and interests transitory as a passing cloud, that are usually fixed those minds whose boast it is that their thoughts “travel through eternity.”

Alone among thoughts of joy or sorrow, hope or fear, stands the grim, soul-chilling thought of death. It is a strange fact that, face it and attempt to familiarize ourselves with it as we may, this one thought ever presents itself as something fresh, something we had never really thought before—“*I shall die!*” There is a shock in the simple words ever renewed each time we speak them in the depths of our souls.

There are few instances of the great change which has passed over the spirit of the modern world more striking than the revolution which has taken place in our judgment respecting the moral expediency of perpetually thinking about death. Was it that the old classic world was so intensely entrancing and delightful, that to wean themselves from its fascinations and reduce their minds to composure, the saints found it beneficial to live continually with a skull at their side? For something like sixteen centuries Christian teachers seem all to have taken it for granted that merely to write up “*Memento mori*,” was to give to mankind the most salutary and edifying counsel. Has anybody faith in the same nostrum now, and is there a single St. Francis or St. Theresa who keeps his or her pet skull alongside of his Bible and prayer-book?

A parallel might almost be drawn between the medical and spiritual treatment in vogue in former times and in our own. Up to our generation, when a man was ill the first idea of the physician was to bleed him and reduce him in every way by “dephlogistic” treatment, after which it was supposed the disease was “drawn off,” and if the patient expired the sur-

vivors were consoled by the reflection that Dr. Sangrado had done all which science and skill could effect to preserve so valuable a life. In the memory of many now living, the presence of a medical man with a lancet in his pocket (instantly used on the emergency of a fall from horseback or a fit of apoplexy, epilepsy, or intoxication), was felt to be quite providential by alarmed relations. Only somewhere about the period of the first visitation of cholera in 1832 this phlebotomizing dropped out of fashion, and when the doctors had pretty nearly abandoned it, a theory was broached that it was the human constitution, not medical science, which had undergone a change, and that men and women were so much weaker than heretofore that even in fever they now needed to be supported by stimulants. Very much in the same way it would appear that in former days our spiritual advisers imagined they could cure moral disease by reducing the vital action of all the faculties and passions, and bringing a man to feel himself “a dying creature” by way of training him how to live; while nowadays our divines endeavour to fill us with warmer feelings and more vigorous will, and tell us that—

’Tis life of which our veins are scant;
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life and fuller, *that* we want.

Is it possible human nature is really a little less vigorous and passionate than it was when Antony and Cleopatra lived on the earth; or when the genius of Shakespeare made them live on the stage?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XL.

It was the beginning of May when the party went home, and everything was green on Eskside. Were I to describe all that happened before they left Oxford, so strange a family group as they were—the old Lady Eskside with the tramp-woman, the high-bred secretary of legation, along with Stylish's head man—and how they managed to exist together, the lion with the lamb—I should require a volume. But this would weary the reader, who can easily imagine for himself that any happiness which might

be produced by this reunion of the divided family was counterbalanced by many circumstances which were not happy. The grandparents, I think, would have been really happy in the removal of all mystery from their family story, the complete establishment of the rights and heirship of their beloved Val, and the winning qualities of Dick, but for the sudden chaos into which they were replunged by the mother's calm declaration of Dick's seniority. Its effect upon them was indescribable. Richard, with his diplomatic instincts, seeing that his sons had not paid any attention to, or even heard, this extraordinary statement, hushed it up with an impetuous and peremptory promptitude which took even his father and mother by surprise, and silenced them. "Not another word," he whispered to them; "not a word! the boys have heard nothing; for the present let nothing more be said;" and the old couple, in the suddenness of this strange juncture, let themselves be overruled, and left the guidance in his hands. As for the mother herself, she attached no weight to the circumstance. She was too ignorant to know, and too much abstracted in her mind to think, that it made any difference which was the eldest. She had not kept Dick for that reason, nor had she left Val at Rosscraig with any intention of avenging herself upon the family by thus substituting the youngest for the just heir, which was the first thought that crossed Lady Eskside's mind. No; she had been guided by mere chance, as we say, snatching up the one boy instead of the other in her despair, for the most trivial reason, as the reader may recollect. And even now it did not occur to her that what she had said was of any consequence, though she saw it affected the others in some incomprehensible way. Her mind had no capacity for entering upon such a question. She was far more deeply moved by the chance that Valentine might be tired out—more solicitous to know whether it was time for his beef-tea. Richard kept his parents quiet until Val had gone to bed, and Dick to sit by him and read to him, when the three had an anxious consultation; and the packet of papers which Richard had brought from Italy, and which up to this moment had remained unopened, was examined, and found to confirm, with frightful accuracy, the statements of the mother. There it was incontestable, Dick was set down as the eldest, notwithstanding the impres-

sion upon Richard's mind which, on Val's first appearance, had led to the mistake.

This confirmation subdued them all into a kind of despair. Lord and Lady Eskside, both at different times, had received Dick into their affections, as they thought, and acknowledged, with a certain pride, his natural worthiness. But when it appeared possible that this new and unknown boy (though they liked him) might put himself in the place of their Valentine—the child of their old age, the light of their eyes—their hearts sank within them. All their satisfaction and enthusiasm was chilled, nay, frozen; they sat and looked at each other blankly, their gladness turned into dire disappointment and heaviness. Then it was that Richard urged upon them the necessity of silence. "Let us take time to think," he said; "time is everything. Val, it is clear, can bear no further excitement; it might be fatal to him; nor can it be good for the other boy. He is an honest, kind fellow; but how can we tell if his head is strong enough to bear such a change of fortune? Let him get used to the part of younger brother first. For heaven's sake, let us hold our tongues, and say nothing more about it now."

Lord Eskside shook his head; but my lady seconded her son, alarmed at the idea he had skilfully brought forward of danger to Val. "Yes, he is a good honest fellow," they both said, but with an involuntary grudge against Dick, as if it could be his fault; and the papers were put up carefully in Lord Eskside's despatch-box, and the news still more closely locked in the bosoms of the three who knew the secret. But it is astonishing how their knowledge of this took all heart out of their conscientious effort to adapt themselves to the new state of things. Valentine, whatever his internal difficulties were, accepted the position much more easily. His illness softened it to him, and had already produced that familiar intercourse with his mother and brother, which the mere discovery that they were his mother and brother could not have brought about; and the happiness of convalescence which glorified all the circumstances about him, made it still more easy. He lived a life of delightful idleness, feeling nothing but benevolence and kindness for every created thing, how much more for his tender nurses and companions?—getting well, eating and sleeping, and loving idle talk, and to have all his people about him.

He was so much a child in this, that even his father, whom Val had never been familiar with, came in for a share of his sociable affectionate desire to be always surrounded by the group of those who belonged to him. He called for everybody, with that regal power which is never possessed in such perfection as by an invalid, to whom all who love him are bound by a hundred ties of gratitude and admiration for having been so good and so clever as to get well. He could not bear a look too serious, a clouded face, and was himself as cheerful as the day, enjoying everything. Dick, I need not say, had told him of that meeting with Violet, and of his letters to her, and by this means Val had got up a spring of private delight for himself—carrying on a limited but charming correspondence, which, indeed, was all on one side, but which still gave him infinite pleasure. “Keep up the Brown delusion, Dick,” he said, with infinite relish of the fun, “till we go home; and then we’ll tell her. What a joke, to be sure, that you should ever have been Brown!” And indeed this was already the aspect the past had taken to both the young men; and it was the strangest absurd thing, scarcely comprehensible, how they could ever have believed it. The two had no share in the perturbation of their elders. Good Dick was, as he said, more the servant of that young demigod and hero than if he had not been his brother. He did everything for him—read to him, talked to him, brought him the news, and lived over again every day of their intercourse since that day when they first “took a liking to each other.” How strange it all seemed—how extraordinary, and yet how natural—in face of this broad and obvious explanation, which made everything plain!

I need not say that it was also the idea of Richard Ross to put into the Edinburgh paper that cunning intimation that the young member for Eskshire had been taken ill at the house of his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Ross, at Oxford. Scarcely a soul who read that intimation ever thought of anything but the luxurious and dignified dwelling which an Hon. Mrs. Ross would ordinarily inhabit; and the people who knew Oxford tried hard to recollect whether they had ever met her, and where her house was. The county in general was much perplexed and much affected by this notice. It seemed impossible to believe that there was any specious falsehood in so matter-

of-fact a paragraph. “The old stories must all be false,” one said to another; “Richard’s wife has been living separate from her husband, that is all.” “But no one ever heard who she was,” the doubting ones said; though even the greatest sceptic added, “I will ask my son if he has ever met her in society.” Thus Richard’s diplomacy had full success. He followed it up by other delicate touches, bulletins of Valentine’s recovery, and tantalizing hints such as only local gossip can permit, and which were reserved for the pages of the *Castleton Herald*—of the happy domestic *rapprochements* which the editor was delighted to hear Mr. Ross’s illness, otherwise so regrettable, was likely to bring about. All this made a great commotion in the district. You may think it was beneath the dignity of a man of Richard Ross’s pretensions to descend to such means of breaking to the public a great family event, which might otherwise have been differently interpreted; but your great man, and especially your diplomat and courtier, is always the one most disposed to make use of flunkeyism and the popular love of gossip. It is a sign, perhaps, of the cynical disregard of this elevated class of mortals for ordinary people; anyhow, they rarely hesitate to avail themselves of means which would wound the pride of many less exalted persons. Life, like dreams (to which, heaven knows, it bears in all matters so close a resemblance), goes by contraries. What the poor and simple scorn, the rich and wise employ.

The Eskshire people, however, were destined to yet another sensation more startling than this. It was in the nature of a recantation, and few recantations have excited more local interest. I will not attempt to describe all the motives and influences which were supposed to have brought it about—for the reader is better informed, and knows that it was brought about very simply, as perhaps some of his own good deeds are, by the intervention and pertinacity of a slim girl with a soft voice and a pair of pleading eyes. Nobody on Eskside knew that Violet, at the point of the sword as it were, had extracted an apology from her father. It appeared on the walls in the shape of a placard, about the middle of April, and was sent by post to all influential persons in the district. Lasswade was white with it, every bit of fence possessing the paper. It was addressed, like another notable letter, to the electors of Eskshire; but it was much shorter

than the former one. What it said was as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—It will be within the recollection of all of you that, a few months ago, I thought it my duty to address to you a letter concerning the standing and pretensions of Mr. Valentine Ross, now Conservative member for this county. It seemed right that you should take into consideration what then appeared to me the very doubtful proofs of Mr. Ross's identity. I am strongly opposed to him and his family in politics; and I confess I thought it my duty to indicate to you in the distinctest manner how poorly supported by fact were his claims to your confidence. I am a Whig, and Mr. Ross is a Tory, and I do not pretend to be above the ordinary tactics of electioneering, which have been pushed to further lengths than were possible to me, by men of much higher worldly pretensions than myself. But whether as Whig or as Tory, I hope it will always be an Englishman's highest boast to be an honest man; and circumstances have convinced me that it is my duty to convey to my brother electors an apology for statements which I formerly made to them under the influence of a mistake, and which I now find are less certain than I then thought them. It is no disgrace to any man to have fallen into a mistake, if, when he discovers it, he takes pains to undo any mischief it may have produced.

"With this preface I will simply say, that though it is quite true, as I stated, that Mr. Valentine Ross appeared at his grandfather's house in a very strange and suspicious way, the inference I drew from that is, I have reason to believe, incorrect. It does not become me to enter into the private history of a family so well known in this county; but I believe steps will shortly be taken to remove all possibility of doubt upon the subject; and I can only say that I for one am now convinced that our new member has the fullest right to the name he bears. These important facts have only come to my knowledge within the last fortnight; and I consider it my duty, putting aside all false pride, which so often hinders a man from acknowledging a mistake publicly made, at once to communicate this discovery to the electors of Eskshire. I am as far from agreeing with Mr. Ross and his family politically as I ever was; but I cannot continue to do a social injury to any man after I have found out that my

impression was a mistaken one. If I have conveyed a prejudice against Mr. Valentine Ross to the mind of any brother elector, I can only add that I am unfeignedly sorry for it.

"AN ESKSIDE ELECTOR."

This was the first thing that met the eyes of the travelling party when—duly heralded by the Castleton paper, which in its last issue had announced the approaching return of "Lord and Lady Eskside, the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Ross, Mr. Valentine Ross, M.P. for Eskshire, and Mr. Richard Ross the younger"—they arrived at Lasswade. The old lord himself was the first to read it when they got out at the little railway station on the new branch line, which, as everybody knows, is still a mile or two distant from the village. There were two carriages waiting—the great barouche, which was Lady Eskside's favourite, and a vehicle of the genus dog-cart for "the boys;" and the usual little commotion which always attends an arrival left a few minutes to spare while the carriage drew up. Lord Eskside came and took his old wife by the arm, and led her to the place where this address, blazoned in great letters, "To the Electors of Eskshire," held a prominent position. "Is it something new?" she asked with a sickness at her heart; "oh, don't let Val see it!" When she had read it, however, the old pair looked at each other and laughed with tremulous enjoyment. I am afraid it did not occur to them to look at this as a high-minded atonement, or to see any generosity in the confession. "Sandy Pringle is worsted at last," the old lord said, with a gleam of light from under his eyebrows. But the exhilaration of unquestionable victory filled their hearts, and made them forget for the moment the other drawbacks which attended their return.

With this sense of having beaten their adversary strong in their minds, they no longer hesitated to drive home through Lasswade, which they had not intended to do; where they had a most flattering reception. What with the curiosity excited by this probable *éclaircissement* of a romantic story, and the eagerness of everybody to see Richard Ross's wife, and the new excitement produced by that placard on the walls—which most people, I fear, received as Lord Eskside received it—every one was agog. It was not a formal entrance with triumphal arches, &c., for this is not a kind of de-

monstration very congenial to the natural independence of the Lowland-Scotch mind, which is much disposed to be friendly towards its great neighbours, but very little disposed to feudal notions of the respect due to a superior. Willie Maitland, it is true, had once thought of suggesting something of the sort, but he had fortunately forborne; and accordingly, though there was an absence of flags and decorations, a very warm spontaneous welcome was given to the travellers. They stopped at the door of the Bull, and the carriage was instantly surrounded by a genial crowd, attracted, it is true, quite as much by a desire for information, as by a wish to do honour to Lord Eskside's family; and there, sure enough, by my lady's side sat the unknown Mrs. Ross, looking out with large eyes, in which a certain terror and wonder combated the look of abstraction which was habitual to them. She had been there before — how well she remembered how! not in the chief street, honoured of everybody, but dragging through the muddy roads, dull and despairing, with her two crying children. The cold wild March night of her recollection was not more unlike the soft sunshine of this May day, than was her own position now and then. Was she more happy? She did not ask herself the question. Only people in a more or less artificial state of self-consciousness do ever ask themselves if they are happy or not; the uninstructed soul takes life as it comes. But her aspect impressed the people of Lasswade. They concluded that she was "not very happy with her husband;" and as Richard was not popular in the county he despised, this rather prepossessed the popular mind in her favour; but that this woman had ever been the "beggar-wife" of the popular legend, the county ever after refused to believe.

The dowager-duchess had driven into Lasswade, of course "by accident," on that afternoon, and so had Sir John and his lady; and it is astonishing how many other carriages of lesser potentates the Eskside party met on their way home. It was a fine day to be sure; everybody was out; and every separate detachment of anxious neighbours had its own remarks to make. "The second son looks a fine lad," the good people said; for indeed Dick had beamed with grateful smiles upon every one who had a welcome for Val. And thus the family, at last united, with glad welcome of all their neighbours, and retraction of their

enemy's slanders, made their way home. "You see we've brought Sandy Pringle to his marrow-bones, my lord!" cried Willie Maitland the factor, my lord's right-hand man, as they drove away from the door of the Bull. "Ay, ay, the auld sneckdrawer!" said Lord Eskside in his glee. This was all Mr. Pringle made by his apology. Val, I am happy to say, was otherwise disposed — he took it generously, touched by the confession, not triumphing in it, as extorted from his assailant; and his explanation of the placard, which he too had read eagerly, to his brother and confidant, was made in a very different tone. "I knew old Pringle was a good fellow," said Val; "he was forced to it by his party; but the moment he hears the truth he comes forward and owns it like a man. Our fathers and mothers think differently from us, Dick, old fellow. They think because old Pringle is out of it so long as you and I are to the fore, that therefore he must be our enemy. I always knew it was nothing of the sort, but only a party-move," said Valentine, flourishing his whip with that delicious sense of generous superior wisdom which dwells in the bosom of youth; and then he added, softly, "After this, surely they can't make any more row about Violet and me."

"I should think not," said Dick, with a sigh; the sight of those Eskside woods, where he had seen her, came back to his mind with a strange thrill. What a moment of enchantment that had been! He had never hoped it would come back again. How could he wish it to come back, when only by injury to Val it could ever bring any happiness to him? And, to be sure, he had only seen Violet twice, never long enough to — "What a lucky fellow you are!" was what he said.

"Am I not?" cried Val, in his frank happiness; "I should think this was the very last stone rolled out of my way."

There had been a great commotion in Rossraig, preparing everything for the family party; the new wing had been opened, the carpets put down, the curtains up, and everything arranged according to Lady Eskside's orders. The new wing had all kinds of conveniences in it — sitting-rooms for the young couple for whom it was prepared, nurseries for the children, everything that could help to make it agreeable to a son's family under the same roof with his father and mother. But as it happened now, both Richard and Valentine pre-

pared to keep their old rooms; and the new wing was given up to Dick and his mother, to whom it appeared a wilderness of grandeur, confusing and blank in its extent and wealth. It had windows which looked down upon the wooded bank of the Esk, and windows which looked to the great door and court-yard, and a suite of rooms through which you could wander from one side to another, for it ran all the breadth of the house. I am not sure that these two, transported into that luxurious place, did not feel the change more painfully and strangely than its natural occupants would have done had they been suddenly dismissed to Stylis's river-side cottage. The mother felt it most of all. She sat in her own rooms almost all the day, patiently receiving the visits of her sons and of Lady Eskside, but never seeking them in the other portions of the house—brightening to see Val, but saying little even to him. She was chilled and stifled by all these fine surroundings. Often she would rise and fling the windows open, or pull at the curtains instinctively, as if to pull them down. "I can't breathe," she would sometimes say to Dick, with a plaintive tone in her voice. Her life, such as it was, was gone from her. She was quite submissive, doing all that was asked of her, attempting no resistance. I cannot explain the entire cessation now of the struggle which she had kept up so long, any more than she could. Fate was too strong for her, and her strength was waning; but when she yielded, she yielded altogether, unreasoning and unreasonably, as she had struggled—her mind was not capable of compromise, or of making the best of a position. When she gave in she dropped her arms entirely, and with her arms her strength.

And strangely enough, Val, the sight of whom had kept her alive, lost his power now over his mother, and Dick, who was her own, became all in all to her. She was happy only when her familiar companion was by her, and could not be persuaded to go out except with Dick. Sometimes when they wandered into the woods a gleam of something like pleasure would come upon her face. There was one knoll which they found out by chance in the very heart of the trees, a little bank which, when they discovered it first, was covered with late primroses. The trees were very thick round, and the sun came late, and penetrated but a short time through the heavy boughs; and this, I suppose, kept them later in bloom-

ing than their rustic neighbours. It is long, long since I have seen these flowers; and perhaps it is the misty glory of that morning-time of childhood that makes me feel there never were any such primroses before or after in this commonplace world—so large, so spotless, so full of sweetness, instinct with a lovely life of their own, friends rather than flowers. Their long stalks thrilled with a youthful force of existence, their green cool leaves overlapped each other, glistening with heavenly dew, their celestial petals were not like pale gold or soft velvet, which are the first vulgar images one thinks of, but like themselves only—primroses, the very essence of spring and fragrance and everlasting youth. When I shut my eyes I can see them still, lifting up their lovely heads out of their leaves, looking you and heaven in the face with all the candour of innocence, though it is, oh, so many years since they and I saw each other! When Dick and his mother, wandering through the woods, came to this bank, it seemed to touch her heart as nothing had done. She sat down on the grass and gazed at the flowers in a transport. "If we were as we used to be," she said, "oh, Dick, my lad, how you would have run to the cart for a basket! It seems no more than waste to gather them now. What would we do with them? there's grander flowers in all the rooms; they'd be like you and me, Dick, out of our place. Flowers were always what I liked. I never was one for saying much," she went on reflectively, "but a basket of primroses, that speaks for itself."

"How you go back upon the old days, mother!" said Dick, regretfully, and perhaps with a slight reproach.

"Yes, lad; I liked them best. It's heavy on me to be shut up in houses. I was never used to it," she said, with a sigh.

"But you can put up with it, mother?—you *will* put up with it?—for the sake of Val—and me."

A gleam came from her eyes—a sparkle of tenderness and light. "I'll do what's best," she said—"whatever is best;" then with a sudden rush of tears, "You may let me think of the old days, Dick; for my strength's changed, and my mind's changed, and I never can go back to them—never no more—even if I would."

"But, mother," said Dick, "it used to keep you happy to see Val only on the river, once a day or twice a day, in his

boat. I did not know why it was then; but I saw it; and now you've got him altogether —”

“Ah, it's different, it's different!” she cried; “can't you see, lad? Then he was none o' mine — he was his father's; it was more than I could have hoped for to see him like that — it kept me alive. Now he'll come to me when I like, Dick; and kind he looks and kind he speaks. God bless him! He'd do himself an injury to please me; but ah, its different! If I could take them to the market in a basket, and sell a bunch here and a bunch there, that's what I would like,” she went on with a sudden change of tone, drawing the flowers through her thin hands.

It was with a kind of despair that Dick took her home. She was getting thin visibly, he thought. She would sit at the window for hours together, gazing, seeing nothing. For the first few days she suffered herself to be taken to the family meals, but this evidently agitated her beyond endurance, and had to be given up. What was to be done? Not one of them could tell, or indeed form an idea; the only thing that could be trusted in was time, which might possibly bring back a subdued harmony to those chords which at present were all *ajar*; but for the moment there seemed little hope even of that. All the restlessness of old came back to her. When the active habits of her life at Oxford became unnecessary, the self-restraint she had learnt there failed her also. She took to talking (when she did talk) of nothing but the tramp-life, which seemed to have suddenly come into prominence in her mind. Now and then she dozed in the long afternoons, and Dick heard her murmuring in her sleep about the long road, and how far it was, and the lad that was tired. Poor Dick's satisfaction in his new circumstances was suddenly subdued by this. It did not occur to him that she was ill; he thought it was one of the old fits coming on, in which he had always felt the dreadful risk there was that she might go secretly away from him, and never be heard of more. To be sure, he comforted himself by thinking these fits had always gone off again, and so perhaps would this one now.

Thus the family life recommenced under its changed circumstances. I doubt whether any one in the great house was happy. The old people had a secret in their keeping, which destroyed

their peace, and which must produce further troubles still; and Dick had his mother, whose state alarmed him; and Richard Ross was in a position very difficult for a man to bear, totally ignored by his wife, yet feeling a curious secret attraction towards her, and a half-whimsical half-tragic wonder whether they were ever to be drawn closer, or if all was over between them. Valentine, the happiest of the party, was not without his troubles too, for he had written to Violet, and received no reply, and at the Hewan there was no intelligence to be obtained of her. Thus they had all enough to do to carry on the possibilities of living; and the great happiness and good fortune which had come to them, scarcely looked for the moment like good fortune at all.

CHAPTER XLI.

A SHORT time after their return, Valentine made up his youthful mind that he could bear his share of these uncertainties no longer. He had been to the Hewan again and again; now he set off to Moray Place itself, saying nothing to his relations, except to Dick, who winced, but kept his counsel. But all the ardent young lover made by his persistence was an interview with Mrs. Pringle, who received him stiffly, and declined to answer any inquiries about Violet, who was absent from home. “I do not suppose your family would be pleased if they knew; and my family would be still less pleased, that Violet should be held cheap,” said Mrs. Pringle. “If you will believe me, Valentine, I think it is much better that there should be no more about it;” and all Val's remonstrances and pleadings were of no avail. He came back miserable and dejected, and strayed out to the woods, in which there is always some consolation for a heart-broken lover. Val went as far as the linn, that he might see the place at least where he had been so happy. Was it possible, after all he had gone through, that his love and his happiness were to end like a dream, and every link to be snapped between him and Vi? When he approached that spot which was so full of associations, he too heard sounds, as Dick had done, which told of some human intrusion into this realm of woodland and waters. It was not a sob this time that Val heard. It was a sound of low voices — women's voices — talking in a half-whisper, as if they feared to be discovered. Drawing near, trembling

like a thief, he saw under the big beech-branches a corner of a blue dress, showing from behind one of them. This made his heart beat; but the blue gown might not be Vi's blue gown; and anyhow there were two of them, as the voices testified, so that caution was needful. Another step, however, relieved him of his doubts. In front of him on the green bank on the river-side, sat Mary Percival, with her face turned towards some one unseen, to whom she was talking. "My dear, he has had plenty of time to write to you, and he has not done so. If you will believe me, Vi, I think it is a great deal better there should be no more about it." These were, though Mary did not know it, the self-same words under which Val was suffering. The repetition of them drove him beyond himself. He gave a shout of indignant protestation, and rushing between the two astonished ladies, caught her of the blue dress rudely, suddenly, in his arms.

But do not think Violet was half so much surprised as middle-aged Mary was, to whom this interruption was quite unlooked for. She did not know even that "the family" had arrived at Ross-craig—Lady Eskside, amid all this tumult of events, having become remiss in her correspondence, and Val's letters to Violet having been, if not suppressed, yet detained at Moray Place during the girl's absence. Even if the family had returned, Mary felt there were a hundred chances to one that Val would not be there precisely at the right moment to meet her and her companion. In Mary's own case things had never happened just at the right moment; and therefore she had acquiesced with little difficulty in Violet's prayer that she might be allowed "one look" at the linn. Violet had been sent to Mary to be taken care of—to be kept out of danger; and this, I am ashamed to say, was how Miss Percival, who had a strong vein of romance in her, notwithstanding all her good sense, fulfilled her trust. She saw her folly now when it was too late.

"Valentine!" she cried, "how dare you—how dare you do *that*—when her parents do not know?"

"Her parents!" said Val, equally indignant; "what do I care for her parents, or any one's parents? I am a man old enough to know my own mind, and so is Vi. Can parents make us happy?" said the young man, with that cruel frankness which seems so easy to the young, and is so hard upon the old. "Vi, my

darling, you know you are mine—you won't let parents or any one come between you and me?"

Vi did not say a word—there was no need for anything so feeble as words. She clung to him, gazing at him, holding one of his arms fast with her small hands clasped round it. She had been sure he would come; in her heart she had been so wicked as to smile at Mary's faith the other way, though she did not say a word of the sweet confidence in her own mind. And Mary, who had been so treated by providence, and whose love had not been happy, felt a hot flush of anger against the girl who stood there before her with ineffable smiles, not objecting to the young man's impetuosity, not even answering him a word.

"Violet!" she cried, "come away this instant. Do you know that you are defying both your mother and me?"

"You have always been my enemy, Mary," cried Val, passionately, "and I don't know why, for I have always liked you. Vi, you are not going to do what she tells you—to follow her instead of me?"

"I am not going to follow any one," said Vi, detaching herself from his arm with much dignity; then she stood at a little distance, and looked at him with tender glowing eyes. "Oh, Val!" she cried, "but I am glad to see you! I thought you would never come. I knew you would be here to-day. Val, are you well—are you quite well? Oh, what a weary, weary time it has been, when I thought I would never see you more!"

"Then you were thinking of me? and you don't mean to cast me off, Vi?"

"I—cast you off!—that is likely! Mary, you never were Val's enemy, though he says so, in his hasty way—he was always hasty. He made me give him my promise here, beneath this tree. I cannot take back my word; I cannot say one thing to you and another to him; and you never scolded me when I said I—cared for Val, Mary! not a word! She only cried and gave me a kiss."

"And she ought to give me a kiss too," said bold Val, going up to Miss Percival, whose heart was melting altogether away in her bosom, and whose efforts to look stern were becoming almost ludicrous. The audacious boy went up to her, while Vi looked on thunderstruck at his boldness, and kissed Mary's cheek, which flushed crimson under the touch, making that middle-aged woman look a girl again. "How dare you?" she cried, putting up

her hand to push him away; but Mary's strength was not able to resist this. "God bless you!" she said, next moment, the tears coming to her eyes, "you bold boy! How dare you kiss me? Though I am your enemy, I've thought of you and prayed for you morning and night ever since I parted from you, Val."

"I know that very well," said the young man, composedly; "for whatever you may say, how could you be my enemy when I am fond of you? You have not the heart not to help us, Mary. Come and sit down again and let us think what to do. Here is where we played truant when we were children. Here is where you brought us, Mary—you—when we were older; and here is where Vi gave me her promise. This is the place of all others to meet again. As for any pretence of separating us how can any one do it? Think a little," said Val, standing before the fallen tree on which Vi had sat with poor Dick, and from which she now regarded him with soft eyes suffused with light and happiness. "Could they be hard upon *her*, for the first time in her life, and break her heart? Is that reasonable? As for me," the young man said, raising his head, while the two women looked at him with tender envy and admiration, "there is no interference possible. I am a man and my own master. So now that you are convinced," cried Valentine, putting himself beside Violet on the old trunk, which, old as it was, had put forth young shoots of life and hope to make itself fit for the throne of so much love and gladness, "let us consider what is the best means to clear these trifling temporary obstructions out of our way."

I don't think there is anything so silken-green, or that makes so tender a canopy over your head, and shows the sky so sweetly through them, as young beech-leaves in May, just shaken out of their brown husks, and re-clothing as if with tenderest ornaments of youth, the big branches that bear them. Stray airs rustled through them; stray sunbeams, for the day was cloudy, came and went, penetrating now and then through the soft canopy—punctuating with sudden glow of light some one or other of those bold arguments of Val's, which told so well upon his sympathetic audience. Though Violet was not one of the worshipping maidens of modern story, but thought of Val only as Val, and not as a demigod, the soft transport of reunion, the glow of tender trust and admiration with which

she regarded that delightful certainty of his, which no terrors shook, gave to her soft face a look of absolute dependence and devotion. She looked up to him, as they sat together holding each other's hands like two children, with a sentiment which went beyond reason. He was no wiser nor cleverer, perhaps, than she was; but he looked so strong and so sure, so much above feminine doubts and tremblings, that the mere sight of him gave confidence. As for Mary, seated on the green bank in front of these two, who was ever so much wiser and cleverer than Val (he had few pretensions that way), she, too, felt, with a kind of philosophical amusement at herself, the same sense of added confidence and moral strength as she looked at the boy whom she had watched as he grew up, and chided and laughed at—whose opinion on general subjects had no particular weight with her, yet who somehow gave to her experienced and sensible middle-age a sensation of support and certainty, which the wisest reason does not always communicate. Mary looked at the two seated there together, hand in hand, half-children half-lovers, under the soft shadow of the young beech-leaves, with that "smile on her lip and tear in her eye" which is the most tender of all human moods. Pity and envy, and amusement and an almost veneration, were in her thoughts. How innocent they were! how sure of happiness! how absolute in their trust in each other! and, indeed (when the case was fairly set before them), in everybody else. Notwithstanding the one terrible shock his faith had received—a shock which happily had worked itself out in bodily illness, the most simple way—Val was still of opinion that, if you could but get to the bottom of their hearts, all the world was on his side. He had no fear of Violet's mother, though for the moment she had crushed him; and, to tell the truth, after his fever, Val had altogether forgotten Mr. Pringle's offence against him, and all the harm it had brought. Now that offence was more than past, for had it not been confessed and atoned for, a thing which makes a sin almost a virtue? Nor was he alarmed when he thought of the old people at Rosscraig, who had humoured and served him all his life. What was there to fear? "It would be against all reason, you know," said Val, "if our course of true love had run quite smooth. We were miserable enough one time to make all right for the future; but

if you mean to be miserable any more, Vi, you must do it by yourself, for I sha'n't take any share."

When a young man thus makes light of all difficulties, what can a sympathetic woman do? Before many minutes had passed, Miss Percival found herself pledged to brave Violet's father and mother and overcome their objections. "They have never crossed her in their lives, and why should they now?" said Valentine, with good sense, which no one could gainsay.

When this chief subject had been fully discussed, and all their plans settled, both the ladies drew close to him with breathless interest, while he told them the story of his own family. How Dick was his brother, which made Violet start and clasp her hands, saying, with a sudden outcry, "I always knew it!" and how his mother had come back with them — had come home. It was Mary who, much more than these two young people, who were so sure of each other, had her heart played upon like an instrument that day. She sat quite still and never said a word, while the story was told. I cannot describe her feelings towards the woman who (she felt, though she would not have acknowledged it) had been in the very bloom of her youth preferred to herself. It was not *her* fault; up to this moment the woman who was Richard's wife had never so much as heard of Mary's existence; no blame could possibly attach to her. A strange mingling of curiosity about her, interest, half-hostile, in her, wondering indignation, disapproval, proud dislike, all softening back into curiosity again, were in Miss Percival's mind; but no one knew how she rung the changes upon these different sentiments as she sat quite still and quiet, listening, now and then asking a question, feeling as if her own life had come to some strange crisis, although she had absolutely nothing to do with it, not so much as one of the servants in the house. And then Valentine's way of speaking of his mother — the lower, hushed, respectful tone, the half-mystery, half-reverence, which he seemed disposed to throw around this gipsy, this tramp, who had given them all so much trouble — gave Mary a secret offence, all the more sharp that she felt his feeling to be quite right and just and natural, and would not for the world have expressed her own. Just now, half an hour ago, he had put her in the place of his mother — had taken her interest for granted, had kissed her (the spot burned on Mary's

cheek at the thought), and appealed to that strange sentiment in her heart which he seemed to be unconsciously aware of — that sense of the possibility that she might have been his mother, which was always more or less in her mind in Val's presence. He had taken possession of her in this way, of her sympathy and help, telling her what she was to do, and how to do it, amusing her by his arbitrariness, while he melted her heart by his affectionate confidence. And now all at once, in the same breath almost, he began to talk of his real mother, this woman whom no one knew, who had done him and his family all the harm possible, and now was brought back almost in triumph to reap — not the whirlwind after having sown the wind — but happiness and calm weather, notwithstanding all her folly and ill-doing. Mary sat in a maze, in a dream, while all this went through her mind, yet with all her faculties alert, hearing everything and feeling everything. She was hurt even by Val's description of his mother's beauty, which filled Vi with such admiring interest. "Oh, how I should like to see her!" cried Violet. "You shall both see her," said Valentine, with the arbitrary determination to give pleasure of a young prince. How Mary's heart swelled! But if these two children had guessed what was going on in her mind, with what wondering, grieved disapproval they would have looked upon her, troubled by a sense of natural incongruity that a woman of her age could possibly feel so! She felt this along with all the rest; and, in short, she was conscious of so many different sentiments, that all her vigour and natural power went out of her. Her heart was being lacerated by a hundred needle-points and pin-pricks — like a pin-cushion, she said, faintly trying to laugh to herself.

Val went with them to their carriage, which was waiting at the lower edge of the woods, in the opposite direction from Rosscraig, and took a farewell, which he declared to be the merest temporary good-bye, but which once more made Violet's eyes tearful. Vi grew less certain as she lost sight of him. Various unexpected results had followed the publication of that apology, which in her youthful heat and energy she had almost forced her father into writing. Even Mrs. Pringle had not seen the necessity for it so clearly as Violet did; and the world in general on both sides of the question had taken it, as Lord Eskside did, as a formal retraction, a bringing-down to his mar-

row-bones of Sandy Pringle, rather than as the prompt and frank and generous apology of one gentleman to another. Some had said that it was fear of an action for libel which had moved him to such a step; others, with a frank malediction, had d—d him for not standing to what he had said. Nobody had appreciated his motive, or understood Violet's childlike reasoning on the abstract principle, that when you have done wrong and know it, there is no course possible but to confess the wrong and ask pardon of the injured person. This, I fear, is not a course of action at all congenial to the ordinary code; and Mr. Pringle, though carried away by the impetuosity of his daughter, had by this time repented his *amende honorable* quite as much as he repented the evil he had done. To suffer for doing wrong is reasonable; but it is hard to be punished for doing right, and fills the sufferer's heart with bitterness.

Mr. Pringle had been very penitent towards poor Val before the days of the apology; but now, in the sharpness of the sting of unappreciated virtue, he was furious against him. Violet knew this only too well, and her courage oozed out of her finger-ends as she saw the young hero disappear into the woods. "Do you think—do you really think—it is all as certain as he says?" she said to Miss Percival, with tears in her soft eyes, which had been so bright with happiness and courage a moment before.

As for Valentine, he strode home through the woods very triumphant and joyful, as became a young lover; but sobered as he drew near home. He had made up his mind to go at once into the matter, and extort a consent from everybody; but as he drew near and nearer to the turrets of Rossraig, it became more and more apparent to him that there would be no small trouble and pain involved; and he began to feel how disagreeable it is to displease and vex the people most near to you, even in order to secure for yourself the person dearest and nearest of all. This thought did not subdue his resolution, but it subdued his step, which became less and less rapid. Nothing in this world would have induced him to give up Vi; but he did not like to defy his old grandfather, to make my lady set her lips firm in that way he knew so well. He wished intensely that Vi and he could have been happy without that; but still, as it had to be done some time or other, it was better, much better,

that it should be done at once. So, after walking very slowly the last mile of the way, he suddenly, to use his own phraseology, "put on a spurt," and skimmed over the last quarter of a mile, making up his mind, as if for an operation, to get it over. He walked straight into the library, still flushed from his long walk, and somewhat to his surprise found all the family authorities collected there, my lord and my lady and his father, all apparently engaged in some mysterious consultation. Val remarked with bewilderment that his father, so placid usually and indifferent, was flushed like himself,—though with speech, not exercise—and that Lord and Lady Eskside had both a doubtful tremulous aspect, and looked morally cowed, not convinced. To tell the truth, they had been arguing the question over again, whether it was possible to keep the secret of Dick's seniority from the two young men. It was Richard's desire that this should be done; but he had not convinced the others either of the possibility or expediency of it, though, for the moment, they had come to a conditional bargain to say nothing unless circumstances should arise which made the disclosure necessary. This supposed emergency was to be left to each one's private judgment, I suppose, and therefore the secret was pretty sure of rapid revelation; but still the old pair were not satisfied. "Good never came of falsehood, or even, that I know, of the mere *suppressio veri*," Lord Eskside had said, shaking his head, just as Val came in; and they all turned to look at him, with a little wonder and excitement; for he looked indeed very like a man who had found something out, coming in hot haste to tell it, and ask, Is this true? The old lord and his wife looked at each other, both of them leaping to the conclusion that this was so, and that Val had discovered the secret; and they were not sorry, but gave a little nod of secret intelligence to each other. Poor Val! poor boy! it was another trial for him; and yet it was best, far best, that he should know.

"Grandfather," said Val, plunging at once into the subject, bringing in an atmosphere of fresh air and youthful eagerness with him, "I have come to tell you at once of something that has happened to me. It is strange to find you all sitting here, but I am heartily glad of it. My lady, you know how long it is since I first spoke to Violet.—"

"Oh, Violet!" cried my lady, with an

impatient movement of her head and stamp of her foot upon the carpet; "Lord bless us! is it this nonsense he has got in his head again?"

"You may call it nonsense if you like," said Val, seeing somehow that what he had said was not what they expected, and unconsciously, in an undercurrent of thought, wondering what it was they had expected; "it is not nonsense to me. I went to Moray Place this morning, having heard nothing of her for a long time—and there Mrs. Pringle received me very coldly——"

"That was unfortunate," said Richard, with a smile, which his son called a sneer; "that an Edinburgh lawyer's wife should receive Lord Eskside's grandson coldly, was, no doubt, something very miserable indeed—enough, I suppose, to justify this excitement," and he looked at Val with an amused scrutiny from head to foot, which made the young man wild with irritation. He had stumbled into a burn on his way home, and had left, there was no denying it, one huge muddy footprint on the spotless carpet, which had at once caught his father's fastidious eye.

"The Edinburgh lawyer's wife may not be much to you, sir," said Val, "but she is a great deal to me; for she has my future wife's comfort and happiness in her hand. I want to let you know at once that my mind is quite made up and decided. I told you so before. What is the use of wearing our hearts out by waiting and waiting?" cried Val, turning from one to another. "You are good and kind, why should you make me miserable? In everything else you have always tried to make me happy; you have listened to what I had to say; you have been always reasonable; why should you shut your hearts against me now, in the one matter that is most important to me, in that which must decide my happiness or misery all my life?"

"The argument is well put," said the old lord, with exasperating composure; "but, Val, how can you tell at your age what is, or what is not, to decide the happiness of your life?"

"And don't you see, Val," said my lady more sympathetically, "that it is just because it is so important that we cannot give our consent so easily? Oh, my dear, if you had wanted the moon we would have tried to get it for you; think, then, how strong a motive it must be that makes us cross you now!"

"What is the motive?" said Val, with

sudden dramatic force, waiting solemnly for an answer. The two old people looked at each other again and trembled. What could they answer to this impetuous boy? The motive was that Violet was not a great match for him, such as they had hoped for—not any one who would bring him wealth or distinction, but only a girl whom he loved; and they quailed before the boy's look. If they had been a worldly pair the answer would have been easy; but these two high-minded old people, who had trained him to scorn all that was mean, and to hold love high and honour, how were they to state this plain fact to a young lover of three-and-twenty? They did not know what words to use in which to veil their motive and give it some sort of grandeur worthy of the occasion; and, unfortunately, Val saw his advantage as clearly as they saw the disadvantage under which they lay.

"You speak like a foolish boy," said his father. "It is enough that we think this match a very unfit one for you, and I hope you have sense enough yourself to see its unsuitability. Who is this girl? an Edinburgh lawyer's daughter—a man who has attacked your family in the basest and most treacherous way——"

"But who has apologized!" cried Val; "who has confessed he was wrong and begged pardon——"

"The more fool he," said Richard, "not to have strength of mind to stick to his slander when he had committed himself to it. Apology!—you mean retraction—extorted, no doubt, from him by fear of his pocket. It would be more dignified, no doubt, to pay the twopence-ha'penny he can afford to give her, as his daughter's portion, rather than as damages in a court of law."

"If it is a question of twopence-ha'penny——" said Val, with a violent flush of sudden anger.

"My boy, you must not use that tone here," Lord Eskside interposed. "Your father is right. Is it your enemy that you want to ally yourself with? he that raked up the whole old story of your coming here, and tried to ruin you with it, using his falsehood for your destruction——"

"Grandfather," said Val, still flaming with nervous passion, "the sting of that story, I have always understood, was that it was not false but true."

"Val!" cried Lady Eskside; but there was a pause after this—and I think in the very heat of the discussion the old lord felt with secret pleasure that his boy

had already made more than one point, even though it was against himself. Twice over Val had silenced the opposing forces. Now, but to live to see him facing the House of Commons like this, who could tell, from the Treasury bench itself! This delightful secret suggestion crept into Lord Eskside's heart like a warm wind loosening the frosts.

"Then if you will only consider," said Val, changing his indignant tone for one of soft conciliation and pleading, "there is no one in Scotland, so far as I can see, so free to choose for myself as I am. If you were not what you are, sir, the first man in the county, as you ought to be — if my father were not what he is, distinguished in other circles than ours — then, perhaps, I, who as yet am nobody, might have required to look outside, to get crutches of other people's distinctions; but as it is, what does it matter? We are rich enough, we are more independent than the queen, who, poor lady, must always consider other people, I suppose; whereas I, who am your grandson — and your son, sir — I," cried Val, "am more free than a prince to ask for love only and happiness! Give them to me," he said, holding out his hands with natural eloquence to the two old people, who sat looking at him, afraid to look at each other; "you never in all my life refused me anything before!"

I cannot tell how it was that this natural noble attitude in which his son stood, asking, like a loyal soul as he was, for that consent, without which he could not be wholly happy, to his happiness — affected almost to rage the mind of Richard, whose mode had been entirely the reverse; who had plucked in hot haste, without sanction or knowledge of any one, the golden apples which had turned to ashes and bitterness. To marry as he had done, wildly, hotly, in sudden passion, — is not that much more easily condoned by the great world in which he lived, which loves a sensation, than a respectable mediocre marriage, equally removed from scandal and from distinction? To marry a gipsy, or an opera-dancer, or a maid-of-all-work, is more pardonable, as being a piquant rebellion against all law and order, than it is to marry a virtuous person out of the lower circles of good society, sufficiently well-born and well-bred to make no sensation. The lawyer's daughter was gall to Richard. He interposed with one of those sudden fits of passionate irritability to which his smooth nature was liable.

"Do not let this folly go any further, Val. We all know what is meant by these ravings about love and happiness. Whatever place I may have gained among men it is not from having been my father's son; neither will that serve you as you think. Lord Eskside's grandson!" said Richard, with scorn on his lip; "how much will that do for the younger of you two — the one who is not the heir," he continued, with rising energy — "the one who has a second son's allowance, a second son's position; the one — whom we have all agreed in cheating out of his rights —"

"Dick?" said Val, with hesitation and wonder. He looked round upon them all, and saw something in their eyes which alarmed him he could not tell why. "Is it Dick?"

"Valentine," said his father, suddenly coming up to him, seizing his arm, "it is not for me to speak to you of the miseries of a foolish marriage; but look here. Give up this boyish folly. You have a foundation, as you say, built up by those who have gone before you; you may make any match you please; you may cover all that has gone before with the world's pardon and more than pardon. I look to you to do this. I can give you opportunities — you will have countless opportunities; give up this girl who is nobody — or if you refuse —"

"What then, sir, if I refuse?" Val loosed his arm from his father's hold and stood confronting him, steadfast and erect, yet surprised and with a novel kind of pain in his eyes. The two old people gave one look at each other, then paused breathless to hear what was to come next, both of them aware that Richard, diplomatist as he was, forgot himself sometimes, and perceiving that the crisis, which in their previous talk they had prepared for, had now arrived.

"Then," said Richard — he paused a moment, and all the old prick of a jealousy which he had despised himself for feeling, all the old jars of sensation at which he had tried to laugh, which had arisen out of the perpetual preference of Val to himself, surged up for one moment in his temper rather than his heart. The weapon lay at his hand so ready; the boy was somehow so superior, so irritating in his innocence. His face flushed with this sudden impulse to humiliate Val. "Then," he said, "perhaps you will pause when I tell you, for your good, that you have totally mistaken your own position; that you are not the

great man you think yourself; that though you have condescended to your brother, and patronized him, and been, as it were, his good genius, it is Dick who is Lord Eskside's heir, and not you."

Lady Eskside started with a low cry. It was because Dick had come in a moment before at the door, in front of which his father and brother were standing; but Richard thought her exclamation was because of what he said, and turned to her with a smile which it was not good to see.

"Yes, mother," he said, "you wished him to know. *Benissimo!* now he knows. He has been the *grand seigneur*, and Dick has been nobody. Now the positions are reversed; and I hope his magnanimity will bear it. Anyhow, now, with his second son's allowance, he will be obliged to pause in this mad career."

"Is it so?" said Val, going forward to the table, and, I confess, leaning upon it a hand which trembled—for he had been thunderstruck by this revelation—"is it so?" No one spoke; and poor Val, standing there with his eyes cast down, had, I avow it, a bitter moment; but the very sting of the shock stimulated him, and called all his faculties together. After that minute, which felt like a year, he raised his head with a glimmer of painful moisture in his eyes, but a faint smile. "Well," he said, "at all events there can never more be any doubt about me, who I belong to, or what position I hold. I wish Dick all the luck in the world, and he deserves it. He'll be sorrier than I am," said Val. "What, grandmamma, crying! Not a bit of it! I shall be as happy as the day is long with my second son's allowance; and Vi!—for of course," he added, with a bright defiant smile all round, "there can be no possible objection to Vi now."

Dick had been standing quite still behind, moved not by curiosity, but by that respectful attention to the preoccupation of the others, which I suppose his former lowliness had put into him, though it is the highest grace of a gentleman. He had heard everything, indeed, but his mind was too full of something else to care for what he had heard. He broke in here, with a new subject, in a voice hoarse with anxiety and emotion. "Has any one seen my mother?" said Dick. "I have been all over the house looking for her, high and low."

From Fraser's Magazine.
EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE Icelanders, in their long winter, had a great habit of writing, and were, and still are, excellent in penmanship, says Dahlmann. It is to this fact that any little history there is of the Norse kings and their old tragedies, crimes, and heroisms, is almost all due. The Icelanders, it seems, not only made beautiful letters on their paper or parchment, but were laudably observant and desirous of accuracy; and have left us such a collection of narratives (Sagas, literally "Says") as, for quantity and quality, is unexampled among rude nations. Snorro Sturleson's "History of the Norse Kings" is built out of these old Sagas, and has in it a great deal of poetic fire, not a little faithful sagacity applied in sifting and adjusting these old Sagas, and, in a word, deserves, were it once well edited, furnished with accurate maps, chronological summaries, &c., to be reckoned among the great history-books of the world. It is from these sources, greatly aided by accurate, learned, and unwearied Dahlmann,* the German professor, that the following rough notes of the early Norway kings are hastily thrown together. In histories of England (Rapin's excepted) next to nothing has been shown of the many and strong threads of connection between English affairs and Norse.

CHAPTER I.

HARALD HAARFAGR.

TILL about the year of grace 860, there were no kings in Norway, nothing but numerous jarls,—essentially kinglets,—each presiding over a kind of republican or parliamentary little territory; generally striving each to be on some terms of human neighbourhood with those about him, but, in spite of "*Fylke Things*" (Folk Things)—little parish parliaments—and small combinations of these, which had gradually formed themselves, often reduced to the unhappy state of quarrel with them. Harald Haarfagr was the first to put an end to this state of things, and become memorable and profitable to his country by uniting it under one head and making a kingdom of it; which it has continued to be ever since. His father, Halfdan the Black, had already begun this rough but salutary process,—inspired by the cupidities and instincts, by the faculties and opportunities, which the good genius of this world, beneficent often enough under savage forms, and diligent at all times to diminish anarchy as the world's worst

* *Geschichte von Dänemark*, J. G. Dahlmann, 3 vols. 8vo. Hamb. 1840-3.

savagery, usually appoints in such cases, *conquest*, hard fighting, followed by wise guidance of the conquered; but it was Harald the Fairhaired, his son, who conspicuously carried it on and completed it. Harald's birth-year, death-year, and chronology in general, are known only by inference and computation; but, by the latest reckoning, he died about the year 933 of our era, a man of eighty-three.

The business of conquest lasted Harald about twelve years (A.D. 860-872?), in which he subdued also the vikings of the out-islands, Orkneys, Shetlands, Hebrides, and Man. Sixty more years were given him to consolidate and regulate what he had conquered, which he did with great judgment, industry, and success. His reign altogether is counted to have been of over seventy years.

The beginning of his great adventure was of a romantic character—youthful love for the beautiful Gyda, a then glorious and famous young lady of those regions, whom the young Harald aspired to marry. Gyda answered his embassy and prayer in a distant, lofty manner: "Her it would not beseem to wed any jarl or poor creature of that kind; let him do as Gorm of Denmark, Eric of Sweden, Egbert of England, and others had done,—subdue into peace and regulation the confused, contentious bits of jarls round him, and become a king; then, perhaps, she might think of his proposal; till then, not." Harald was struck with this proud answer, which rendered Gyda tenfold more desirable to him. He vowed to let his hair grow, never to cut or even to comb it till this feat were done, and the peerless Gyda his own. He proceeded accordingly to conquer, in fierce battle, a jarl or two every year, and at the end of twelve years, had his unkempt (and almost unimaginable) head of hair clift off,—Jarl Rögnwald (*Reginald*) of Möre, the most valued and valuable of all his subject jarls, being promoted to this sublime barber-function,—after which King Harald, with head thoroughly cleaned, and hair grown or growing again to the luxuriant beauty that had no equal in his day, brought home his Gyda, and made her the brightest queen in all the north. He had after her, in succession, or perhaps even simultaneously in some cases, at least six other wives; and by Gyda herself, one daughter and four sons.

Harald was not to be considered a strict-living man, and he had a great deal

of trouble, as we shall see, with the tumultuous ambition of his sons; but he managed his government, aided by Jarl Rögnwald and others, in a large, quietly potent, and successful manner; and it lasted in this royal form till his death, after sixty years of it.

These were the times of Norse colonization; proud Norsemen flying into other lands, to freer scenes,—to Iceland, to the Faröe Islands, which were hitherto quite vacant (tenanted only by some mournful hermit, Irish Christian *fakir*, or so); still more copiously to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, the Hebrides and other countries where Norse squatters and settlers already were. Settlement of Iceland, we say, settlement of the Faröe Islands, and, by far the notablest of all, settlement of Normandy by Rolf the Ganger (A.D. 876?)*.

Rolf, son of Rögnwald,† was lord of three little islets far north, near the Fjord of Flodden, called the Three Vigten Islands; but his chief means of living was that of sea-robbery, which, or at least Rolf's conduct in which, Harald did not approve of. In the court of Harald, sea-robbery was strictly forbidden, as between Harald's own countries, but as against foreign countries it continued to be the one profession for a gentleman; thus, I read, Harald's own chief son, King Eric that afterwards was, had been at sea in such employments ever since his twelfth year. Rolf's crime, however, was that in coming home from one of these expeditions, his crew having fallen short of victual, Rolf landed with them on the shore of Norway, and, in his strait, drove in some cattle there (a crime by law) and proceeded to kill and eat; which, in a little while, he heard that King Harald was on foot to inquire into and punish; whereupon Rolf the Ganger speedily got into his ships again, got to the coast of France with his sea-robbers, got infettment by the poor king of France in the fruitful, shaggy desert which is since called Normandy, land of the Northmen; and there, gradually felling the forests, banking the rivers, tilling the fields, became, during the next two centuries, Wilhelmus Conquestor, the man famous to England, and momentous at this day, not to England alone, but to all speakers of the English tongue, now spread from side

* "Settlement," dated 912, by Munch, Hénult, &c. The Saxon Chronicle says (anno 876): "In this year Rolf overran Normandy with his army, and he reigned fifty winters."

† *Dahlmann* ii. 87.

to side of the world in a wonderful degree. Tancred of Hauteville and his Italian Normans, though important, too, in Italy, are not worth naming in comparison. This is a ferocious earth, and the grain of mustard-seed will grow to miraculous extent in some cases.

Harald's chief helper, counsellor, and lieutenant was the above-mentioned Jarl Rögnwald of Möre, who had the honour to cut Harald's dreadful head of hair. This Rögnwald was father of Turf-Einar, who first invented peat in the Orkneys, finding the wood all gone there; and is remembered to this day. Einar, being come to these islands by King Harald's permission, to see what he could do in them,—islands inhabited by what miscellany of Picts, Scots, Norse squatters we do not know,—found the indispensable fuel all wasted. Turf-Einar, too, may be regarded as a benefactor to his kind. He was, it appears, a bastard; and got no coddling from his father, who disliked him, partly, perhaps, because "he was ugly and blind of an eye,"—got no flattering even on his conquest of the Orkneys and invention of peat. Here is the parting speech his father made to him on fitting him out with a "long-ship" (ship of war, "dragon-ship," ancient seventy-four), and sending him forth to make a living for himself in the world: "It were best if thou never camest back, for I have small hope that thy people will have honour by thee; thy mother's kin throughout is slavish."

Harald Haarfagr had a good many sons and daughters; the daughters he married mostly to jarls of due merit who were loyal to him; with the sons, as remarked above, he had a great deal of trouble. They were ambitious, stirring fellows, and grudged at their finding so little promotion from a father so kind to his jarls; sea-robbery by no means an adequate career for the sons of a great king. Two of them, Halfdan Haaleg (Long-leg), and Gudröd Ljome (Gleam), jealous of the favours won by the great Jarl Rögnwald, surrounded him in his house one night, and burnt him and sixty men to death there. That was the end of Rögnwald, the invaluable jarl, always true to Haarfagr; and distinguished in world-history by producing Rolf the Ganger, author of the Norman Conquest of England, and Turf-Einar, who invented peat in the Orkneys. Whether Rolf had left Norway at this time there is no chronology to tell me. As to Rolf's surname, "Ganger," there are various hypotheses; the

likeliest, perhaps, that Rolf was so weighty a man no horse (small Norwegian horses, big ponies rather) could carry him, and that he usually walked, having a mighty stride withal, and great velocity on foot.

One of these murderers of Jarl Rögnwald quietly set himself in Rögnwald's place, the other making for Orkney, to serve Turf-Einar in like fashion. Turf-Einar, taken by surprise, fled to the mainland; but returned, days or perhaps weeks after, ready for battle, fought with Halfdan, put his party to flight, and at next morning's light searched the island and slew all the men he found. As to Halfdan Long-leg himself, in fierce memory of his own murdered father, Turf-Einar "cut an eagle on his back," that is to say, hewed the ribs from each side of the spine and turned them out like the wings of a spread-eagle: a mode of Norse vengeance fashionable at that time in extremely aggravated cases!

Harald Haarfagr, in the meantime, had descended upon the Rögnwald scene, not in mild mood towards the new jarl there; indignantly dismissed said jarl, and appointed a brother of Rögnwald, (brother, notes Dahlmann), though Rögnwald had left other sons. Which done, Haarfagr sailed with all speed to the Orkneys, there to avenge that cutting of an eagle on the human back on Turf-Einar's part. Turf-Einar did not resist; submissively met the angry Haarfagr, said he left it all, what had been done, what provocation there had been, to Haarfagr's own equity and greatness of mind. Magnanimous Haarfagr inflicted a fine of sixty marks in gold, which was paid in ready money by Turf-Einar, and so the matter ended.

CHAPTER II.

ERIC BLOOD-AXE AND BROTHERS.

IN such violent courses Haarfagr's sons, I know not how many of them, had come to an untimely end; only Eric, the accomplished sea-rover, and three others remained to him. Among these four sons, rather impatient for property and authority of their own, King Harald, in his old days, tried to part his kingdom in some eligible and equitable way, and retire from the constant press of business, now becoming burdensome to him. To each of them he gave a kind of kingdom; Eric, his eldest son, to be head-king, and the others to be feudatory under him, and pay a certain yearly contribution, an arrangement which did not answer well at

all. Head-king Eric insisted on his tribute; quarrels arose as to the payment, considerable fighting and disturbance, bringing fierce destruction from King Eric upon many valiant but too stubborn Norse spirits, and among the rest upon all his three brothers, which got him from the Norse populations the surname of *Blood-axe*, "Eric Blood-axe," his title in history. One of his brothers he had killed in battle before his old father's life ended; this brother was Bjorn, a peaceable, improving, trading, economic, under-king, whom the others mockingly called "Bjorn the Chapman." The great-grandson of this Bjorn became extremely distinguished by-and-by as *Saint Olaf*. Head-king Eric seems to have had a violent wife, too. She was thought to have poisoned one of her other brothers-in-law. Eric Blood-axe had by no means a gentle life of it in this world, trained to sea-robbery on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France since his twelfth year.

Old King Fairhair, at the age of seventy, had another son, to whom was given the name of Hakon. His mother was a slave in Fairhair's house; slave by ill-luck of war, though nobly enough born. A strange adventure connects this Hakon with England and King Athelstan, who was then entering upon his great career there. Short while after this Hakon came into the world, there entered Fairhair's palace, one evening as Fairhair sat feasting, an English ambassador or messenger, bearing in his hand, as gift from King Athelstan, a magnificent sword, with gold hilt and other fine trimmings, to the great Harald, king of Norway. Harald took the sword, drew it, or was half-drawing it, admiringly from the scabbard, when the English excellency broke into a scornful laugh, "Ha, ha; thou art now the feudatory of my English king; thou hast accepted the sword from him, and art now his man!" (acceptance of a sword in that manner being the symbol of investiture in those days). Harald looked a trifle flurried, it is probable; but held in his wrath, and did no damage to the tricky Englishman. He held the matter in his mind, however, and next summer little Hakon, having got his weaning done,—one of the prettiest, healthiest little creatures,—Harald sent him off, under charge of "Hauk" (*Hawk* so-called), one of his principal warriors, with order, "Take him to England," and instructions what to do with him there. And accordingly, one evening, Hauk,

with thirty men escorting, strode into Athelstan's high dwelling (where situated, how built, whether with logs like Harald's, I cannot specifically say), into Athelstan's high presence, and silently set the wild little cherub upon Athelstan's knee. "What is this?" asked Athelstan, looking at the little cherub. "This is King Harald's son, whom a serving-maid bore to him, and whom he now gives thee as foster-child!" Indignant Athelstan drew his sword, as if to do the gift a mischief; but Hauk said, "Thou hast taken him on thy knee" (common symbol of adoption); "thou canst kill him if thou wilt; but thou dost not thereby kill all the sons of Harald." Athelstan straightway took milder thoughts; brought up, and carefully educated Hakon; from whom, and this singular adventure, came, before very long, the first tidings of Christianity into Norway.

Harald Haarfagr, latterly withdrawn from all kinds of business, died at the age of eighty-three—about A.D. 933, as is computed; nearly contemporary in death with the first Danish king, Gorm the Old, who had done a corresponding feat in reducing Denmark under one head. Remarkable old men, these two first kings; and possessed of gifts for bringing Chaos a little nearer to the form of Cosmos; possessed, in fact, of loyalties to Cosmos, that is to say, of authentic virtues in the savage state, such as have been needed in all societies at their incipience in this world; a kind of "virtues" hugely in discredit at present, but not unlikely to be needed again, to the astonishment of careless persons, before all is done!

CHAPTER III.

HAKON THE GOOD.

ERIC BLOOD-AXE, whose practical reign is counted to have begun about A.D. 930, had by this time, or within a year or so of this time, pretty much extinguished all his brother kings, and crushed down recalcitrant spirits, in his violent way; but had naturally become entirely unpopular in Norway, and filled it with silent discontent and even rage against him. Hakon, Fairhair's last son, the little foster-child of Athelstan in England, who had been baptised and carefully educated, was come to his fourteenth or fifteenth year at his father's death; a very shining youth, as Athelstan saw with just pleasure. So soon as the few preliminary preparations had been settled,

Hakon, furnished with a ship or two by Athelstan, suddenly appeared in Norway; got acknowledged by the peasant Thing in Trondhjem; "the news of which flew over Norway, like fire through dried grass," says an old chronicler. So that Eric, with his queen Gunhild, and seven small children, had to run; no other shift for Eric. They went to the Orkneys first of all, then to England, and he "got Northumberland as earldom," I vaguely hear, from Athelstan. But Eric soon died, and his queen, with her children, went back to the Orkneys in search of refuge or help; to little purpose there or elsewhere. From Orkney she went to Denmark, where Harald Blue-tooth took her poor eldest boy as foster-child; but I fear did not very faithfully keep that promise. The Danes had been robbing extensively during the late tumults in Norway; this the Christian Hakon, now established there, paid in kind, and the two countries were at war; so that Gunhild's little boy was a welcome card in the hand of Blue-tooth.

Hakon proved a brilliant and successful king; regulated many things, public law among others (*Gule-Thing* law, *Froste-Thing* Law: these are little codes of his accepted by their respective Things, and had a salutary effect in their time); with prompt dexterity he drove back the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions every time they came; and on the whole gained for himself the name of Hakon the Good. These Danish invasions were a frequent source of trouble to him, but his greatest and continual trouble was that of extirpating heathen idolatry from Norway, and introducing the Christian Evangel in its stead. His transcendent anxiety to achieve this salutary enterprise was all along his grand difficulty and stumbling-block; the heathen opposition to it being also rooted and great. Bishops and priests from England Hakon had, preaching and baptising what they could, but making only slow progress; much too slow for Hakon's zeal. On the other hand, every Yuletide, when the chief heathen were assembled in his own palace on their grand sacrificial festival, there was great pressure put upon Hakon, as to sprinkling with horse-blood, drinking Yule-beer, eating horse-flesh, and the other distressing rites; the whole of which Hakon abhorred, and with all his steadfastness strove to reject utterly. Sigurd, jarl of Lade (Trondhjem), a liberal heathen, not openly a Christian, was ever a wise coun-

sellor and conciliator in such affairs; and proved of great help to Hakon. Once, for example, there having risen, at a Yule-feast, loud, almost stormful demand that Hakon, like a true man and brother, should drink Yule-beer with them in their sacred hightide, Sigurd persuaded him to comply, for peace' sake, at least in form. Hakon took the cup in his left hand (excellent *hot beer*), and with his right cut the sign of the cross above it, then drank a draught. "Yes; but what is this with the king's right hand?" cried the company. "Don't you see?" answered shifty Sigurd; "he makes the sign of Thor's hammer before drinking!" which quenched the matter for the time.

Horse-flesh, horse-broth, and the horse-ingredient generally, Hakon all but inexorably declined. By Sigurd's pressing exhortation and entreaty, he did once take a kettle of horse-broth by the handle, with a good deal of linen-quilt or towel interposed, and did open his lips for what of steam could insinuate itself. At another time he consented to a particle of horse-liver, intending privately, I guess, to keep it outside the gullet, and smuggle it away without *swallowing*; but farther than this not even Sigurd could persuade him to go. At the Things held in regard to this matter Hakon's success was always incomplete; now and then it was plain failure, and Hakon had to draw back till a better time. Here is one specimen of the response he got on such an occasion; curious specimen, withal, of antique parliamentary eloquence from an Antichristian Thing.

At a Thing of all the Fylkes of Trondhjem, Thing held at Froste in that region, King Hakon, with all the eloquence he had, signified that it was imperatively necessary that all Bonders and sub-Bonders should become Christians, and believe in one God, Christ, the Son of Mary; renouncing entirely blood-sacrifices and heathen idols; should keep every seventh day holy, abstain from labour that day, and even from food, devoting the day to fasting and sacred meditation. Whereupon, by way of universal answer, arose a confused universal murmur of entire dissent. "Take away from us our old belief, and also our time for labour!" murmured they in angry astonishment; "how can even the land be got tilled in that way?" "We cannot work if we don't get food," said the hand-labourers and slaves. "It lies in King Hakon's blood," remarked others; "his father and all his kindred were apt to be

stingy about food, though liberal enough with money." At length, one Osbjörn (or Bear of the Asen or Gods, what we now call Osborne), one Osbjörn of Medalhusin Gulathal, stept forward, and said in a distinct manner, "We Bonders (= peasant proprietors) thought, King Hakon, when thou heldest thy first Thing-day here in Trondhjem, and we took thee for our king, and received our hereditary lands from thee again, that we had got heaven itself. But now we know not how it is, whether we have won freedom, or whether thou intendest anew to make us slaves, with this wonderful proposal that we should renounce our faith, which our fathers before us have held, and all our ancestors as well, first in the age of burial by burning, and now in that of earth-burial; and yet these departed ones were much our superiors, and their faith, too has brought prosperity to us! Thee, at the same time, we have loved so much that we raised thee to manage all the laws of the land, and speak as their voice to us all. And even now it is our will and the vote of all Bonders to keep that paction which thou gavest us here on the Thing at Froste, and to maintain thee as king so long as any of us Bonders who are here upon the Thing has life left, provided thou, king, wilt go fairly to work, and demand of us only such things as are not impossible. But if thou wilt fix upon this thing with so great obstinacy, and employ force and power, in that case, we Bonders have taken the resolution, all of us, to fall away from thee, and to take for ourselves another head, who will so behave that we may enjoy in freedom the belief which is agreeable to us. Now shalt thou, king, choose one of these two courses before the Thing disperse." "Whereupon," adds the chronicle, "all the Bonders raised a mighty shout, 'Yes, we will have it so, as has been said.'" So that Jarl Sigurd had to intervene, and King Hakon to choose for the moment the milder branch of the alternative.* At other things Hakon was more or less successful. All his days, by such methods as there were, he kept pressing forward with this great enterprise, and on the whole did thoroughly shake asunder the old edifice of heathendom, and fairly introduce some foundation for the new and better rule of faith and life among his people. Sigurd, jarl of Lade, his wise counsellor in all these matters, is also a man worthy of notice.

* *Dahlmann*, ii. 93.

Hakon's arrangements against the continual invasions of Eric's sons, with Danish Blue-tooth backing them, were manifold, and for a long time successful. He appointed, after consultation and consent in the various Things, so many war-ships, fully manned and ready, to be furnished instantly on the king's demand by each province or fjord; watchfires, on fit places, from hill to hill all along the coast, were to be carefully set up, carefully maintained in readiness, and kindled on any alarm of war. By such methods Blue-tooth and Co's invasions were for a long while triumphantly, and even rapidly, one and all of them, beaten back, till at length they seemed as if intending to cease altogether, and leave Hakon alone of them. But such was not their issue after all. The sons of Eric had only abated under constant discouragement, had not finally left off from what seemed their one great feasibility in life. Gunhild, their mother, was still with them: a most contriving, fierce-minded, irreconcilable woman, diligent and urgent on them, in season and out of season; and as for King Blue-tooth, he was at all times ready to help, with his good-will at least.

That of the alarm-fires on Hakon's part was found troublesome by his people; sometimes it was even hurtful and provoking (lighting your alarm-fires and rousing the whole coast and population, when it was nothing but some paltry viking with a couple of ships); in short, the alarm-signal system fell into disuse, and good King Hakon himself, in the first place, paid the penalty. It is counted, by the latest commentators, to have been about A.D. 961, sixteenth or seventeenth year of Hakon's pious, valiant, and worthy reign. Being at a feast one day, with many guests, on the Island of Stord, sudden announcement came to him that ships from the south were approaching in quantity, and evidently ships of war. This was the biggest of all the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions; and in was fatal to Hakon the Good that night. Eyvind the Skaldaspillir (annihilator of all other Skalds), in his famed "Hakon's Song," gives account, and, still more pertinently, the always practical Snorro. Danes in great multitude, six to one, as people afterwards computed, springing swiftly to land, and ranking themselves; Hakon, nevertheless, at once deciding not to take to his ship and run, but to fight there, one to six; fighting, accordingly, in his most splendid manner, and at last gloriously prevailing;

routing and scattering back to their ships and flight homeward these six-to-one Danes. "During the struggle of the fight," says Snorro, "he was very conspicuous among other men; and while the sun shone, his bright gilded helmet glanced, and thereby many weapons were directed at him. One of his henchmen, Eyvind Finnson (*i.e.* Skaldaspillir, the poet), took a hat and put it over the king's helmet. Now, among the hostile first leaders were two uncles of the Ericsons, brothers of Gunhild, great champions both; Skreya, the elder of them, on the disappearance of the glittering helmet, shouted boastfully, "Does the king of the Norsemen hide himself, then, or has he fled? Where now is the golden helmet?" And so saying, Skreya, and his brother Alf with him, pushed on like fools or madmen. The king said, "Come on in that way, and you shall find the king of the Norsemen!" And in a short space of time braggart Skreya did come up, swinging his sword, and made a cut at the king; but Thoralf the Strong, an Icelander, who fought at the king's side, dashed his shield so hard against Skreya, that he tottered with the shock. On the same instant the king takes his sword "*Quernbiter*" (able to cut *querns* or millstones) with both hands and hews Skreya through helm and head, cleaving him down to the shoulders. Thoralf also slew Alf. That was what they got by such over-hasty search for the king of the Norsemen."*

Snorro considers the fall of these two champion uncles as the crisis of the fight; the Danish force being much disheartened by such a sight, and King Hakon now pressing on so hard that all men gave way before him, the battle on the Ericson part became a whirl of recoil; and in a few minutes more a torrent of mere flight and haste to get on board their ships, put to sea again; in which operation many of them were drowned, says Snorro; survivors making instant sail for Denmark in that sad condition.

This seems to have been King Hakon's finest battle, and the most conspicuous of his victories, due not a little to his own grand qualities shown on the occasion. But, alas! it was his last also. He was still zealously directing the chase of that mad Danish flight, or whirl of recoil towards their ships, when an arrow, shot most likely at a venture, hit him under the left armpit; and this proved his death.

He was helped into his ship, and made sail for Alrekstad, where his chief residence in those parts was; but had to stop at a smaller place of his (which had been his mother's, and where he himself was born)—a place called Hella (the Flat Rock), still known as "Hakon's Hella," faint from loss of blood and crushed down as he had never before felt. Having no son and only one daughter, he appointed these invasive sons of Eric to be sent for, and if he died to become kings; but to "spare his friends and kindred." "If a longer life be granted me," he said, "I will go out of this land to Christian men, and do penance for what I have committed against God. But if I die in the country of the heathen, let me have such burial as you yourselves think fittest." These are his last-recorded words. And in heathen fashion he was buried, and besung by Eyvind and the Skalds; though himself a zealously Christian king. Hakon the Good; so one still finds him worthy of being called. The sorrow on Hakon's death, Snorro tells us, was so great and universal, "that he was lamented both by friends and enemies; and they said that never again would Norway see such a king."

CHAPTER IV.

HARALD GREYFELL AND BROTHERS.

ERIC's sons, four or five of them, with a Harald at the top, now at once got Norway in hand, all of it but Trondhjem, as king and under-kings, and made a severe time of it for those who had been, or seemed to be, their enemies. Excellent Jarl Sigurd, always so useful to Hakon and his country, was killed by them; and they came to repent that before very long. The slain Sigurd left a son, Hakon, as jarl, who became famous in the northern world by-and-by. This Hakon, and him only, would the Trondhjemers accept as sovereign. "Death to him, then," said the sons of Eric, but only in secret, till they had got their hands free and were ready; which was not yet for some years. Nay, Hakon, when actually attacked, made good resistance, and threatened to cause trouble. Nor did he by any means get his death from these sons of Eric at this time, or till long afterwards at all, from one of their kin, as it chanced. On the contrary, he fled to Denmark now, and by-and-by managed to come back, to their cost.

* *Laing's Snorro*, i. 344.

Among their other chief victims were two cousins of their own, Tryggve and Gudröd, who had been honest under-kings to the late head-king, Hakon the Good; but were now become suspect, and had to fight for their lives, and lose them in a tragic manner. Tryggve had a son, whom we shall hear of. Gudröd, son of worthy Bjorn the Chapman, was grandfather of Saint Olaf, whom all men have heard of, — who has a church in Southwark even, and another in Old Jewry, to this hour. In all these violences, Gunhild, widow of the late king Eric, was understood to have a principal hand. She had come back to Norway with her sons; and naturally passed for the secret adviser and maternal president in whatever of violence went on; always reckoned a fell, vehement, relentless personage where her own interests were concerned. Probably as things settled, her influence on affairs grew less. At least one hopes so; and, in the Sagas, hears less and less of her, and before long nothing.

Harald, the head-king in this Eric fraternity, does not seem to have been a bad man, — the contrary indeed; but his position was untowardly, full of difficulty and contradictions. Whatever Harald could accomplish for behoof of Christianity, or real benefit to Norway, in these cross circumstances, he seems to have done in a modest and honest manner. He got the name of *Greyfell* from his people on a very trivial account, but seemingly with perfect good humour on their part. Some Iceland trader had brought a cargo of furs to Trondhjem (Lade) for sale; sale being slacker than the Icelanders wished, he presented a chosen specimen, cloak, doublet, or whatever it was, to Harald, who wore it with acceptance in public, and rapidly brought disposal of the Icelanders' stock, and the surname of *Greyfell* to himself. His under-kings and he were certainly not popular, though I almost think Greyfell himself, in absence of his mother and the under-kings, might have been so. But here they all were, and had wrought great trouble in Norway. "Too many of them," said everybody; "too many of these courts and court-people, eating up any substance that there is!" For the seasons withal, two or three of them in succession, were bad for grass, much more for grain; no *herring* came either; very cleanness of teeth was like to come in Eyvind Skaldaspillir's opinion. This scarcity became at last their share of the great famine of A.D. 975, which desolated

Western Europe (See the poem in the Saxon Chronicle). And all this by Eyvind Skaldaspillir, and the heathen Norse in general, was ascribed to anger of the heathen gods. Discontent in Norway, and especially in Eyvind Skaldaspillir, seems to have been very great.

Whereupon exile Hakon, Jarl Sigurd's son, bestirs himself in Denmark, backed by old King Blue-tooth, and begins invading and encroaching in a miscellaneous way; especially intriguing and contriving plots all round him. An unfathomably cunning kind of fellow, as well as an audacious and strong-handed! Intriguing in Trondhjem, where he gets the under-king, Greyfell's brother, fallen upon and murdered; intriguing with Gold Harald, a distinguished cousin or nephew of King Blue-tooth's, who had done fine viking work, and gained such wealth that he got the epithet of "Gold," and who now was infinitely desirous of a share in Blue-tooth's kingdom as the proper finish to these sea-rovings. He even ventured one day to make publicly a distinct proposal that way to King Harald Blue-tooth himself; who flew into thunder and lightning at the mere mention of it; so that none durst speak to him for several days afterwards. Of both these Haralds Hakon was confidential friend; and needed all his skill to walk without immediate annihilation between such a pair of dragons, and work out Norway for himself withal. In the end he found he must take solidly to Blue-tooth's side of the question; and that they two must provide a recipe for Gold Harald and Norway both at once.

"It is as much as your life is worth to speak again of sharing this Danish kingdom," said Hakon very privately to Gold Harald; "but could not you, my golden friend, be content with Norway for a kingdom, if one helped you to it?"

"That could I well," answered Harald.

"Then keep me those nine war-ships you have just been rigging for a new viking cruise; have these in readiness when I lift my finger!"

That was the recipe contrived for Gold Harald; recipe for King Greyfell goes into the same phial, and is also ready.

Hitherto the Hakon-Blue-tooth disturbances in Norway had amounted to but little. King Greyfell, a very active and valiant man, has constantly, without much difficulty, repelled these sporadic bits of troubles; but Greyfell, all the same, would willingly have peace with dangerous old

Blue-tooth (ever anxious to get his clutches over Norway on any terms), if peace with him could be had. Blue-tooth, too, professes every willingness; inveigles Greyfell, he and Hakon do, to have a friendly meeting on the Danish borders, and not only settle all these quarrels, but generously settle Greyfell in certain fiefs which he claimed in Denmark itself; and so swear everlasting friendship. Greyfell joyfully complies, punctually appears at the appointed day in Lymfjord Sound, the appointed place. Whereupon Hakon gives signal to Gold Harald "To Lymfjord with these nine ships of yours, swift!" Gold Harald flies to Lymfjord with his ships, challenges King Harald Greyfell to land and fight; which the undaunted Greyfell, though so far outnumbered, does; and, fighting his very best, perishes there, he and almost all his people. Which done, Jarl Hakon, who is in readiness, attacks Gold Harald, the victorious but the wearied; easily beats Gold Harald, takes him prisoner, and instantly hangs and ends him to the huge joy of King Blue-tooth and Hakon, who now make instant voyage to Norway; drive all the brother under-kings into rapid flight to the Orkneys, to any readiest shelter; and so, under the patronage of Blue-tooth, Hakon, with the title of Jarl, becomes ruler of Norway. This foul treachery done on the brave and honest Harald Greyfell is by some dated about A.D. 969, by Munch, 965, by others, computing out of Snorro only, A.D. 975. For there is always an uncertainty in these Icelandic dates (say rather, rare and rude attempts at dating, without even an "A.D." or other fixed "year one" to go upon in Iceland), though seldom, I think, so large a discrepancy as here.

CHAPTER V.

HAKON JARL.

HAKON JARL, such the style he took, had engaged to pay some kind of tribute to King Blue-tooth, "if he could;" but he never did pay any, pleading always the necessity of his own affairs; with which excuse, joined to Hakon's readiness in things less important, King Blue-tooth managed to content himself, Hakon being always his good neighbour, at least, and the two mutually dependent. In Norway, Hakon, without the title of king, did in a strong-handed, steadfast, and at length successful way, the office of one; governed Norway (some count) for above twenty years; and, both at home and

abroad, had much consideration through most of that time; specially amongst the heathen orthodox, for Hakon Jarl himself was a zealous heathen, fixed in his mind against these chimerical Christian innovations and unsalutary changes of creed, and would have gladly trampled out all traces of what the last two kings (for Greyfell, also, was an English Christian after his sort) had done in this respect. But he wisely discerned that it was not possible, and that, for peace' sake, he must not even attempt it, but must strike preferably into "perfect toleration," and that of "every one getting to heaven" (or even to the other goal) "in his own way." He himself, it is well known, repaired many heathen temples (a great "church-builder" in his way!), manufactured many splendid idols, with much gilding and such artistic ornament as there was—in particular, one huge image of Thor, not forgetting the hammer and appendages, and such a collar (supposed of solid gold, which it was not quite, as we shall hear in time) round the neck of him as was never seen in all the north. How he did his own Yule-festivals, with what magnificent solemnity, the horse-eatings, blood-sprinklings, and other sacred rites, need not be told. Something of a "Ritualist," one may perceive; perhaps had Scandinavian Puseyisms in him, and other desperate heathen notions. He was universally believed to have gone into magic for one thing, and to have dangerous potencies derived from the devil himself. The dark heathen mind of him struggling vehemently in that strange element, not altogether so unlike our own in some points.

For the rest, he was evidently in practical matters, a man of sharp, clear insight, of steadfast resolution, diligence, promptitude; and managed his secular matters uncommonly well. Had sixteen jarls under him, though himself only Hakon Jarl by title; and got obedience from them stricter than any king since Haarfagr had done. Add to which that the country had years excellent for grass and crop, and that the herrings came in exuberance; tokens, to the thinking mind, that Hakon Jarl was a favourite of Heaven.

His fight with the far-famed Jom's vikings was his grandest exploit in public rumour. Jomsburg, a locality not now known, except that it was near the mouth of the river Oder, denoted in those ages the impregnable castle of a certain body corporate, or "Sea-Robbery Association

(limited)," which, for some generations, held the Baltic in terror, and plundered far beyond the Belt, — in the ocean itself, in Flanders and the opulent trading havens there, — above all, in opulent anarchic England, which, for forty years from about this time, was the pirates' Goshen; and yielded, regularly every summer, slaves, danegelt, and miscellaneous plunder, like no other country Jomsburg or the viking-world had ever known. Palnatoke, Bue, and the other quasi-heroic heads of this establishment are still remembered in the northern parts. "*Palnatoke*" is the title of a tragedy by Oehlenschläger, which had its run of immortality in Copenhagen some sixty or seventy years ago.

I judge the institution to have been in its floweriest state, probably now in Hakon Jarl's time. Hakon Jarl and these pirates, robbing Hakon's subjects and merchants that frequented him, were naturally in quarrel; and frequent fightings had fallen out, not generally to the profit of the Jomsburgers, who at last determined on revenge, and the rooting-out of this obstructive Hakon Jarl. They assembled in force at the Cape of Stad, — in the Firda Fylke; and the fight was dreadful in the extreme, noise of it filling all the north for long afterwards. Hakon, fighting like a lion, could scarcely hold his own — death or victory the word on both sides; when suddenly, the heavens grew black, and there broke out a terrific storm of thunder and hail, appalling to the human mind, — universe swallowed wholly in black night; only the momentary forked blazes, the thunder-pealing as of Ragnarök, and the battering hail-torrents, hail-stones about the size of an egg. Thor with his hammer evidently acting; but in behalf of whom? The Jomsburgers in the hideous darkness, broken only by flashing thunderbolts, had a dismal apprehension that it was probably not on their behalf (Thor having a sense of justice in him); and before the storm ended, thirty-five of their seventy ships sheered away, leaving gallant Bue, with thirty-five ships, to follow as they liked, who reproachfully hailed these fugitives, and continued the now hopeless battle. Bue's nose and lips were smashed or cut away; Bue managed, half-articulate, to exclaim, "Ha! the maids (*mays*) of Denmark will never kiss *me* more. Overboard, all ye Bue's men!" And taking his two sea-chests, with all the gold he had gained in such life-struggle from of old, sprang

overboard accordingly, and finished the affair. Hakon Jarl's renown rose naturally to the transcendent pitch after this exploit. His people, I suppose chiefly the Christian part of them, whispered one to another, with a shudder, "that in the blackest of the thunderstorm, he had taken his youngest little boy, and made away with him; sacrificed him to Thor or some devil, and gained his victory by art-magic, or something worse." Jarl Eric, Hakon's eldest son, without suspicion of art-magic, but already a distinguished viking, became thrice distinguished by his style of sea-fighting in this battle; and awakened great expectations in the viking public; of him we shall hear again.

The Jomsburgers, one might fancy, after this sad clap went visibly down in the world; but the fact is not altogether so. Old King Blue-tooth was now dead, died of a wound got in battle with his *un-natural* (so-called "natural") son and successor, Otto Svein of the Forked Beard, afterwards king and conqueror of England for a little while; and seldom, perhaps never, had vikingism been in such flower as now. This man's name is Sven in Swedish, Svend in German, and means *boy* or *lad* — the English "swain." It was at old "Father Blue-tooth's funeral-ale" (drunken burial-feast), that Sven, carousing with his Jomsburg chiefs and other choice spirits, generally of the robber-class, all risen into height of highest robber-enthusiasm, pledged the vow to one another; Svein that he would conquer England (which, in a sense, he, after long struggling, did); and the Jomsburgers that they would ruin and root out Hakon Jarl (which they could by no means do), and other guests other foolish things which proved equally unfeasible. Sea-robber volunteers so especially abounding in that time, one perceives how easily the Jomsburgers could recruit themselves, build or refit new robber fleets, man them with the pick of crews, and steer for opulent, fruitful England; where, under Ethelred the Unready, was such a field for profitable enterprise as the viking public never had before or since.

An idle question sometimes rises on me — idle enough, for it never can be answered in the affirmative, or negative. Whether it was not these same refitted Jomsburgers who appeared some while after this at Red Head Point, on the shore of Angus, and sustained a new severe beating, in what the Scotch still faintly

remember as their "Battle of Loncarty"? Beyond doubt a powerful Norse-pirate armament dropt anchor at the Red Head, to the alarm of peaceable mortals, about that time. It was thought and hoped to be on its way for England, but it visibly hung on for several days, deliberating (as was thought) whether they would do this poorer coast the honour to land on it before going farther. Did land, and vigorously plunder and burn south-westward as far as Perth; laid siege to Perth; but brought out King Kenneth on them, and produced that "Battle of Loncarty" which still dwells in vague memory among the Scots. Perhaps it might be the Jomsburgers; perhaps also not; for there were many pirate associations, lasting not from century to century like the Jomsburgers, but only for very limited periods, or from year to year; indeed, it was mainly by such that the splendid thief-harvest of England was reaped in this disastrous time. No Scottish chronicler gives the least of exact date to their famed victory of Loncarty, only that it was achieved by Kenneth III., which will mean sometime between A.D. 975 and 994; and, by the order they put it in, probably soon after A.D. 975, or the beginning of this Kenneth's reign. Buchanan's narrative, carefully distilled from all the ancient Scottish sources, is of admirable quality for style and otherwise; quiet, brief, with perfect clearness, perfect credibility even,—except that semi-miraculous appendage of the Ploughmen, Hay and Sons, always hanging to the tail of it; the grain of possible truth in which can now never be extracted by man's art!* In brief, what we know is, fragments of ancient human bones and armour have occasionally been ploughed up in this locality, proof-positive of ancient fighting here; and the fight fell out not long after Hakon's beating of the Jomsburgers at the Cape of Stad. And in such dim glimmer of

wavering twilight, the question whether these of Loncarty were refitted Jomsburgers or not, must be left hanging. Loncarty is now the biggest bleachfield in Queen Victoria's dominions; no village or hamlet there, only the huge bleaching-house and a beautiful field, some six or seven miles north-west of Perth, bordered by the beautiful Tay river on the one side, and by its beautiful tributary Almond on the other; a Loncarty fitted either for bleaching linen, or for a bit of fair duel between nations, in those simple times. Whether our refitted Jomsburgers had the least thing to do with it is only matter of fancy, but if it were they who here again got a good beating, fancy would be glad to find herself fact. The old piratical kings of Denmark had been at the founding of Jomsburg, and to Svein of the Forked Beard it was still vitally important, but not so to the great Knut, or any king that followed; all of whom had better business than mere thieving; and it was Magnus the Good, of Norway, a man of still higher anti-anarchic qualities, that annihilated it, about a century later.

Hakon Jarl, his chief labours in the world being over, is said to have become very dissolute in his elder days, especially in the matter of women; the wretched old fool, led away by idleness and fulness of bread, which to all of us are well said to be the parents of mischief. Having absolute power, he got into the habit of openly plundering men's pretty daughters and wives from them, and, after a few weeks, sending them back; greatly to the rage of the fierce Norse heart, had there been any means of resisting or revenging. It did, after a little while, prove the ruin and destruction of Hakon the Rich, as he was then called. It opened the door, namely, for entry of Olaf Tryggveson upon the scene,—a very much grander man; in regard to whom the wiles and traps of Hakon proved to be a recipe, not on Tryggveson, but on the wily Hakon himself, as shall now be seen straightaway.

* G. Buchanan *Opera Omnia*, i. 103-4 (Curante Ruddimano, Edinburgi, 1715).

THE distillation and manufacture of attar of rose is a large and important branch of industry in Adrianople. In the northern parts of the country, we are told in an official document, the produce of 1873 exceeded by 35 per cent. that of the previous year, the quantity distilled being some 121,875 ounces, valued at about 90,000/. It is chiefly ex-

ported from Philipopoli to England, France, Germany, and Austria; and recently merchants in the United States and Germany have opened correspondence with firms in Adrianople, with the view of establishing agencies to further extend this branch of commerce.

Nature.